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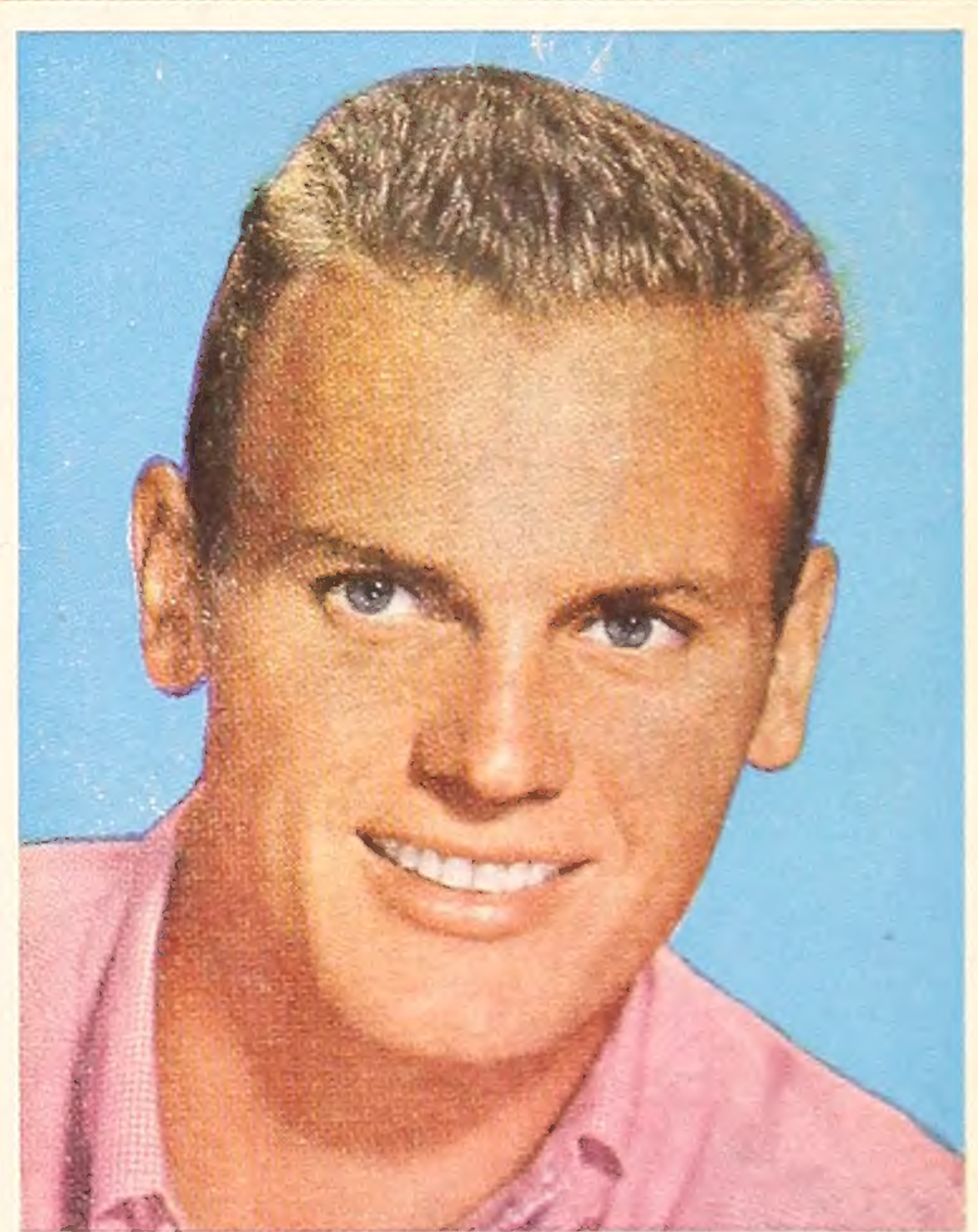
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NATALIE WOOD



Tab Hunter: "Do I
worry? Do I ever!"

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Title to the above described equipment shall not pass to the purchaser until the entire indebtedness evidenced by this agreement is paid in full.

Purchaser agrees to pay the balance due hereunder in 34 equal monthly installments of \$4.33, and a final payment of \$3.74 which shall be payable on the 10th day of each month hereafter until paid in full, and agrees that if any payment is not made within 10 days after the date when due, Remington Rand may declare the total unpaid balance due and payable forthwith. As an alternative Remington Rand may elect to demand the immediate return of the equipment which will be delivered by the undersigned forthwith upon such demand. In the event that collection of the unpaid balance, or the return of the equipment is referred to an attorney or a collection agency, purchaser agrees to pay all collection or repossession expenses and charges in connection therewith.

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Purchaser agrees to keep the equipment in good condition and assumes full responsibility for same, including its loss by theft, damage or destruction.

The undersigned purchaser agrees to accept delivery of the above mentioned equipment upon acceptance of this agreement by Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation and acknowledges receipt of a copy of this agreement.

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APPLICATION FOR CREDIT
INDIVIDUALS

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If applicant is a minor, information below must be in the name of parent or guardian signing the contract as Guarantor.

1. Age	Marital Status	Number of Dependents
2. Home Telephone Number		
3. How Long at Present Address?		Own or Rent?
4. If renting, Name and Address of Landlord:		
5. Previous Home Address		How Long Employed?
6. Name and Address of Present Employer:		
7. Nature of Job		
8. Name and Address of Last Previous Employer		How Long Employed?

Signature of Purchaser **X**
Print Name of Purchaser
Address of Purchaser

City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
NEWARK 2 NEW JERSEY

Name of Guarantor _____ Address _____
Signature of Guarantor _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Name of bank _____ Address _____
TRADE REFERENCES: (IF INDIVIDUAL, SHOW WITH WHOM YOU HAVE HAD TIME PAYMENT ACCOUNTS.)

Name _____ Address _____
Account number, if any _____ Balance due? _____ City and State _____
Name _____ Address _____
Account number, if any _____ Balance due? _____ City and State _____

PERSONAL REFERENCES:
Name _____ Address _____
City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____
Names of nearest relative not living with you _____ Relationship _____
Address _____ Street and Number _____ City or Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Due Date	Account Number

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Delivery Address if Other Than Address Below	
Purchaser shall make all payments directly to: Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation.	

USE SEPARATE PAPER IF NECESSARY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

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Less Cash and/or Trade-in Allowance — \$ 1.00
Deferred Balance \$128.00
Service Charge + \$22.96
Contract Balance Payable in Installments \$150.96

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Volume Fifty-Nine, Number Ten

January, 1956

INSIDE NEWS

Ingrid Bergman 28 Ingrid Defends Her Life! by Ernst Jacobi

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Elvis Presley	14	Elvis's Hollywood Adventures! by John Maynard
Kim Novak	20	Who's Bandini? by Jim Cooper
Don Murray	33	Have You Met Don Murray? by Jack Holland
Joan Collins	42	My Sister, Joan by Jackie Collins
Debbie Reynolds	48	Mrs. Fisher, Mother Hen by Peggy King
Tab Hunter	53	"Do I Worry? Do I Ever!" by Dick Pine

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORIES

Donald O'Connor	24	The Buster Keaton Story
Audrey Hepburn	38	Pixie In Paris
Charlton Heston	46	Poppa's In The Movies
Sophia Loren	56	Now It's Sophia

TELEVISION

Janet Blair 59 They Love Her In Pittsburgh by Florence Epstein

SPECIAL FEATURES

Gossip	6	Hollywood Lowdown by Sheilah Graham
	12	Hollywood Love Life by Dorothy O'Leary
Reviews	62	Coming Attractions by Rahna Maughan
Records	66	Let's Look At The Records by Bob Crosby

ON THE COVER: NATALIE WOOD AND TAB HUNTER, CO-STARRING "THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND," A WARNER BROS. FILM

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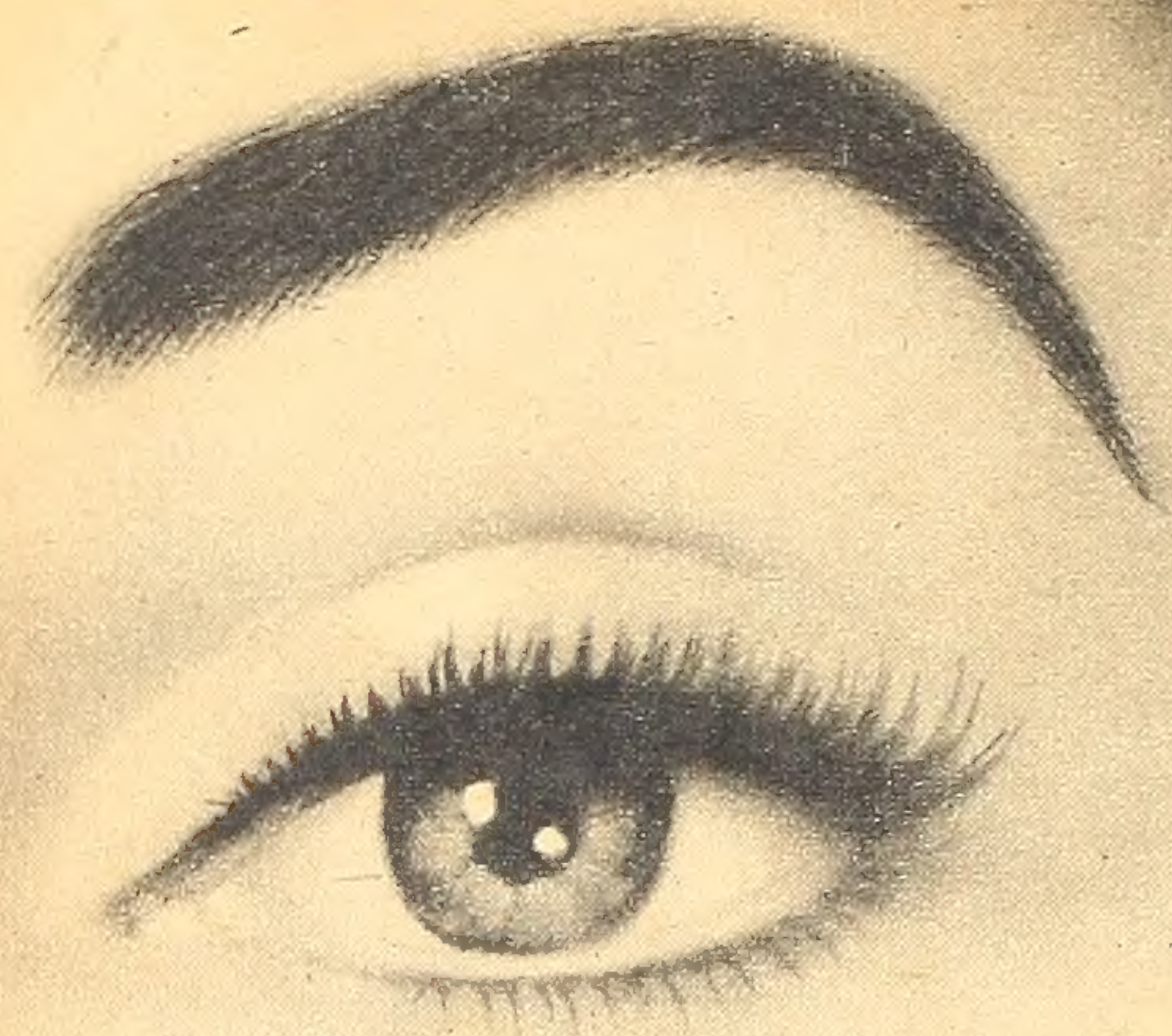
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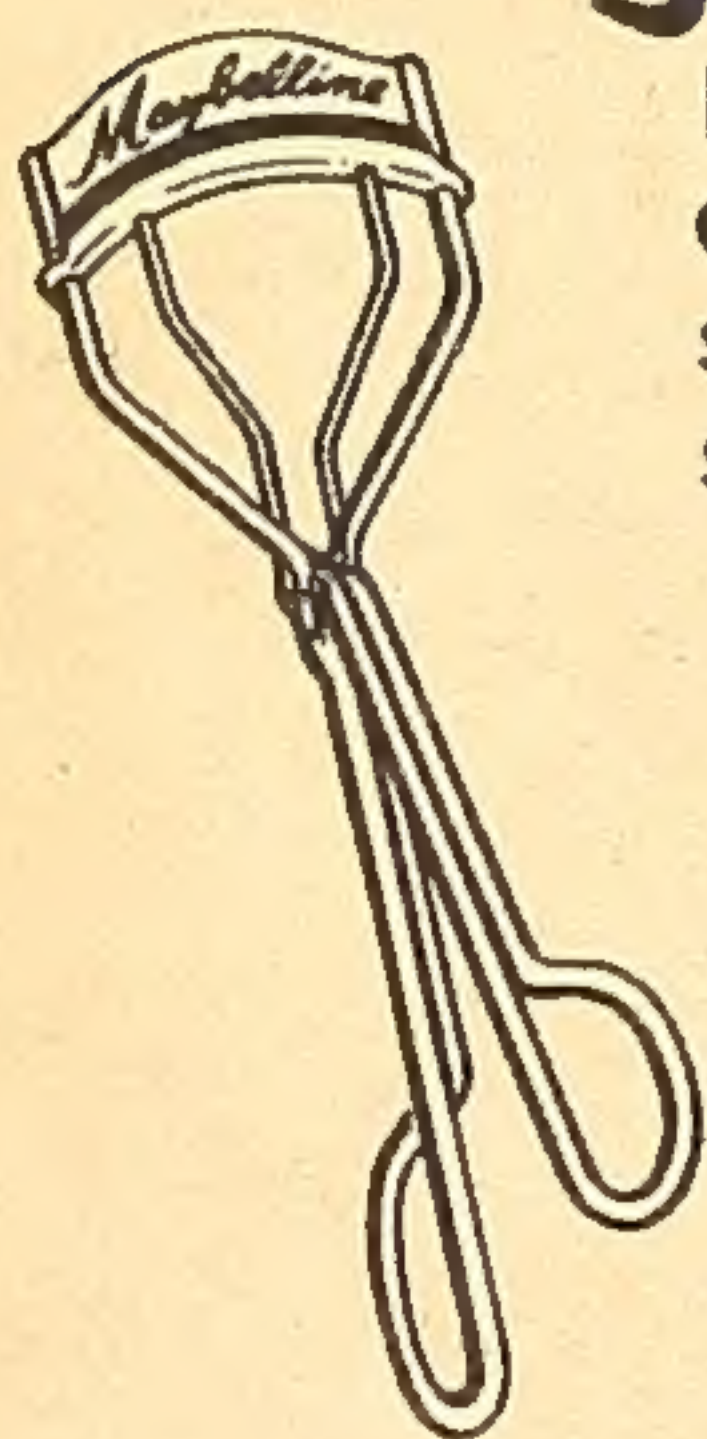
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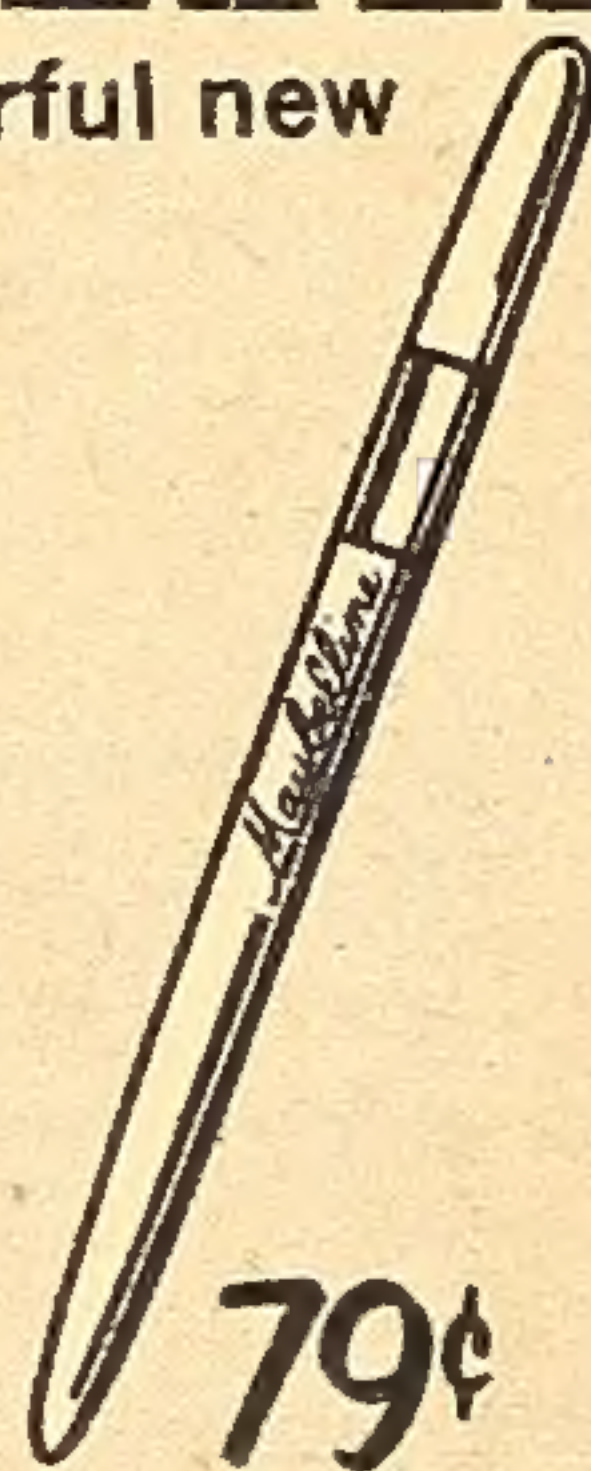
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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



HELLO again, and here I am once more with a typewriter full of exclusive news about the glamour guys and dolls of Hollywood. . . . And to start with here's the latest on Elvis Presley, the most fabulous guy to hit this town since Marlon Brando raced down our streets on his 'cycle with a pet raccoon sitting on the handlebars. Both 20th Century-Fox and producer Hal Wallis, who have him signed for pictures, have extracted a promise from the wiggly-one that he won't marry until he's 25, which is four years from now. . . . Which puts a damper on his supposed romance with Natalie Wood. However, I never believed this was serious since Natalie herself told me: "I just happen to be one of his many admirers and I enjoy being with him. But believe me, Sheilah, this is no romance." I also learned that Presley will gross somewhere in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000 this year, and I'd like to move into that neighborhood whenever there's a vacancy.

Another romance to be discounted is the one between Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak. Kim frankly admitted to me,

"I'm not in love with Frank. I like and respect him very much, but the bells just don't ring. I'm not romantic about a guy like that." The beautiful Kim had to lose away 20 surplus pounds before starting "The Jeanne Eagels Story." . . .

Jane Wyman's fallen hard for a television executive . . . Jane Russell and her husband Bob Waterfield are quietly planning to adopt another baby—their fourth. The Mickey Rooneys are touch and go. . . . Although Doris Day wanted the feminine lead in MGM's "Designing Woman" Gregory Peck had a clause in his contract allowing him to choose his costar. I wish I could let you know what Lauren Bacall said when asked if she had to make any changes in the clothes designed for "Designing Woman" which were originally slated to be worn by Grace Kelly.

Dick Powell hopes to sign Anna Magnani, Ernest Borgnine, Pier Angeli and Don Murray for his first 20th Century-Fox production, "Close To The Wire." And Dick has written finis to his acting career, except for an occasional appearance.

continued on page 9



RESUMING social life, beaming parents Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis attend premiere.



SURPRISE dating of Mike Todd and Audrey Hepburn has Hollywood watching with interest.

DEAN's out to make merry!...
Anita's out to make JERRY!

Paramount
Presents

DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS in

SONGS:

Hollywood Or Bust
Let's Be Friendly
A Day In The Country
It Looks Like Love
The Wild And Woolly West

THEY'RE OFF!

On a laugh-a-second,
mile-a-minute cross-
country joy ride! And
when the boys hit
Hollywood—the laughs
are colossal and the
songs are stupendous!

HOLLYWOOD or BUST

A
HAL WALLIS

PRODUCTION CO-STARRING

PAT CROWLEY



GUEST STAR

MAXIE ROSENBLUM

ANITA EKBERG

DIRECTED BY FRANK TASHLIN

WRITTEN BY ERNA LAZARUS

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GIANT

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STEVENS' PRODUCTION

FROM THE
NOVEL BY
EDNA
FERBER

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. IN WARNERCOLOR STARRING

ELIZABETH TAYLOR · ROCK HUDSON

WITH DENNIS HOPPER · JUDITH EVELYN · PAUL FIX · SCREEN PLAY BY FRED GUIOL AND IVAN MOFFAT · MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI

OLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

ued

on television. He has also talked June Allyson into a six-month vacation from picture-making. An overseas reports to me that June and her "erlude" co-star, Rossano Brazzi, got along fine except when he tried to change the story line so that it favored him over June—then there was a little bit of trouble.

I hear persistent rumors that Betty Hutton and Harry James will retire from their professional careers and spend their time raising their two daughters and tending to their harem of thoroughbred racing horses. . . . Gene Kelly has finally recovered enough to be able to work again, which is good news. . . . Tyrone Power and Mai Zetterlin are reported lighting up the European skies together.

My boy Jerry Lewis will spend his Christmas in London, but he's taking wife and the entire family along too. The separation between Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy was much more serious than even their closest friends realized. Several factors were involved, including mother-in-law trouble, plus, as he explained it: "One of us is a male and the other is a female, and sometimes the two just don't get along."



VENETIA Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn give photographer their best smiles at a premiere.

Marilyn Monroe's "illness" while she was working in "The Sleeping Prince" wasn't so much due to "nervous exhaustion" as to her co-star and director, Sir Laurence Olivier, getting too many close-ups. I also hear that she drove him almost into a tizzy during the filming because of her habit of always being at least an hour late. . . . So far it has cost Debra Paget almost \$1,000 to replace the crystals which fans kept prying loose from her jewel-encrusted Cadillac. . . . Anita Ekberg's temperament is

showing, and she's refusing to make "The Jantzen Girl" unless she gets more money. The \$50,000 she received for endorsing a particular champagne has given her grand ideas—like 150 grand a picture, almost twice what she is now being paid.

Rita Hayworth's interest in Australian actor Ron Randell, husky and handsome six-footer, dwindled considerably when he began telling his friends that he had hopes they'd be married. If there's one thing Rita can't stand, it's a public discussion of her private romances. . . . Vera Miles and hubby Gordon "Tarzan" Scott are both taking dancing lessons, but for different reasons. Vera will be Fred Astaire's dancing partner when he makes "Papa's Delicate Condition," while Gordon is dancing to keep his "Tarzan" muscles in good shape. . . . Dana Wynter is determinedly turning down all picture offers that would take her from the side of the man she adores, Greg Bautzer. "I have a beautiful home with Greg. I want to live in it," she told me. I believe her last film, "Something Of Value," will be her last. . . . Elvis Presley is the indirect cause of the postponement of the wedding plans between singer Patti Page and Charles O'Curran. They were practically set to say their "I do's" when O'Curran was signed to direct Presley in "The

continued on page 61



BICK BENEDICT
was big enough to stand up and take what he wanted; and biggest, one day, when he crawled...

LESLIE LYNNTON
--whether you loved her in the open, or hid it inside you --you hungered...

JETT RINK
was made of laughs and lies and loving looks; he was made to get to the top--so he could have the fun of falling all the way down...

JAMES DEAN

AND PRESENTING

CARROLL BAKER

ALSO STARRING

JANE WITHERS

CHILL WILLS · MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE · SAL MINEO

BY GEORGE STEVENS AND HENRY GINSBERG · DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.



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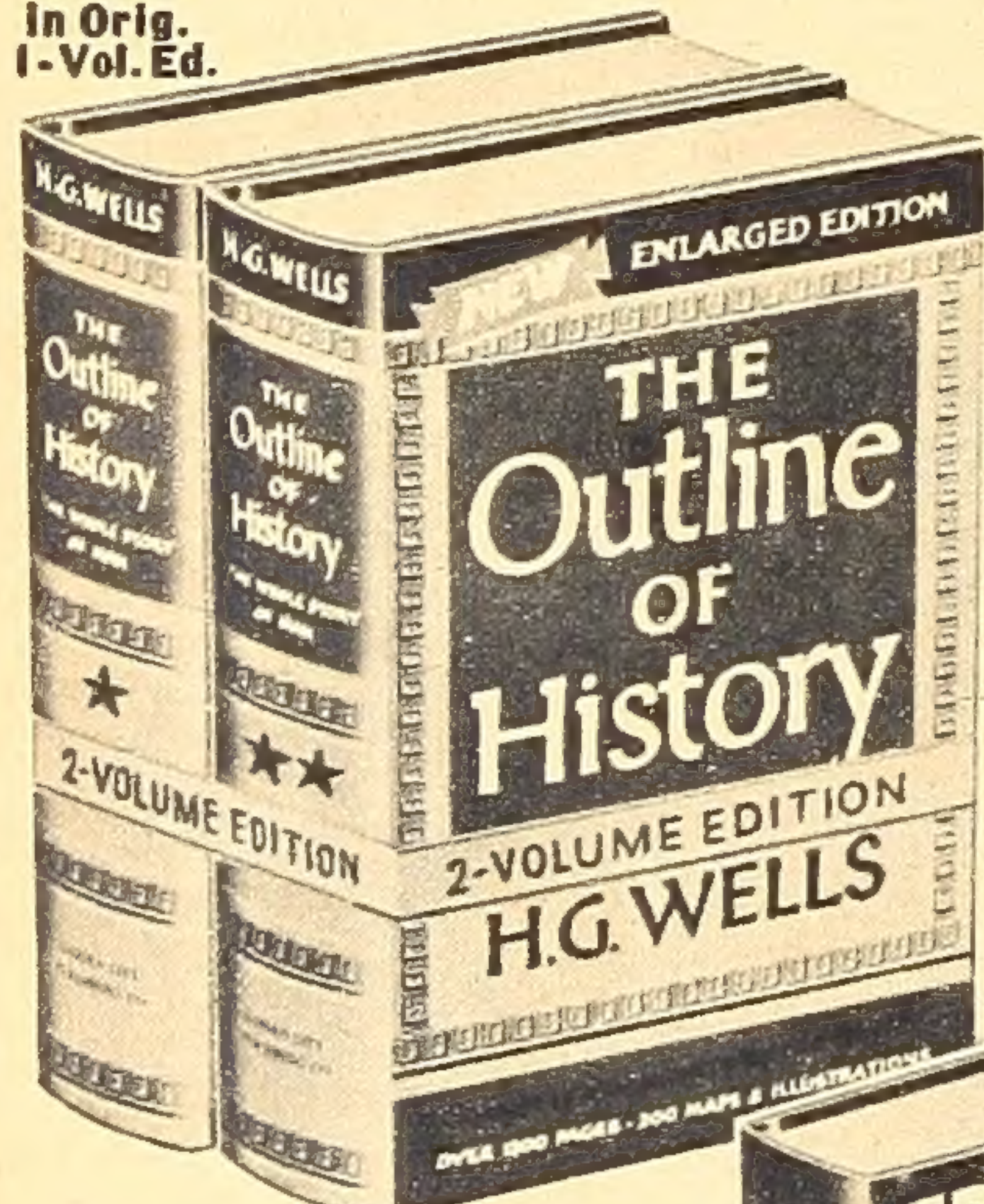


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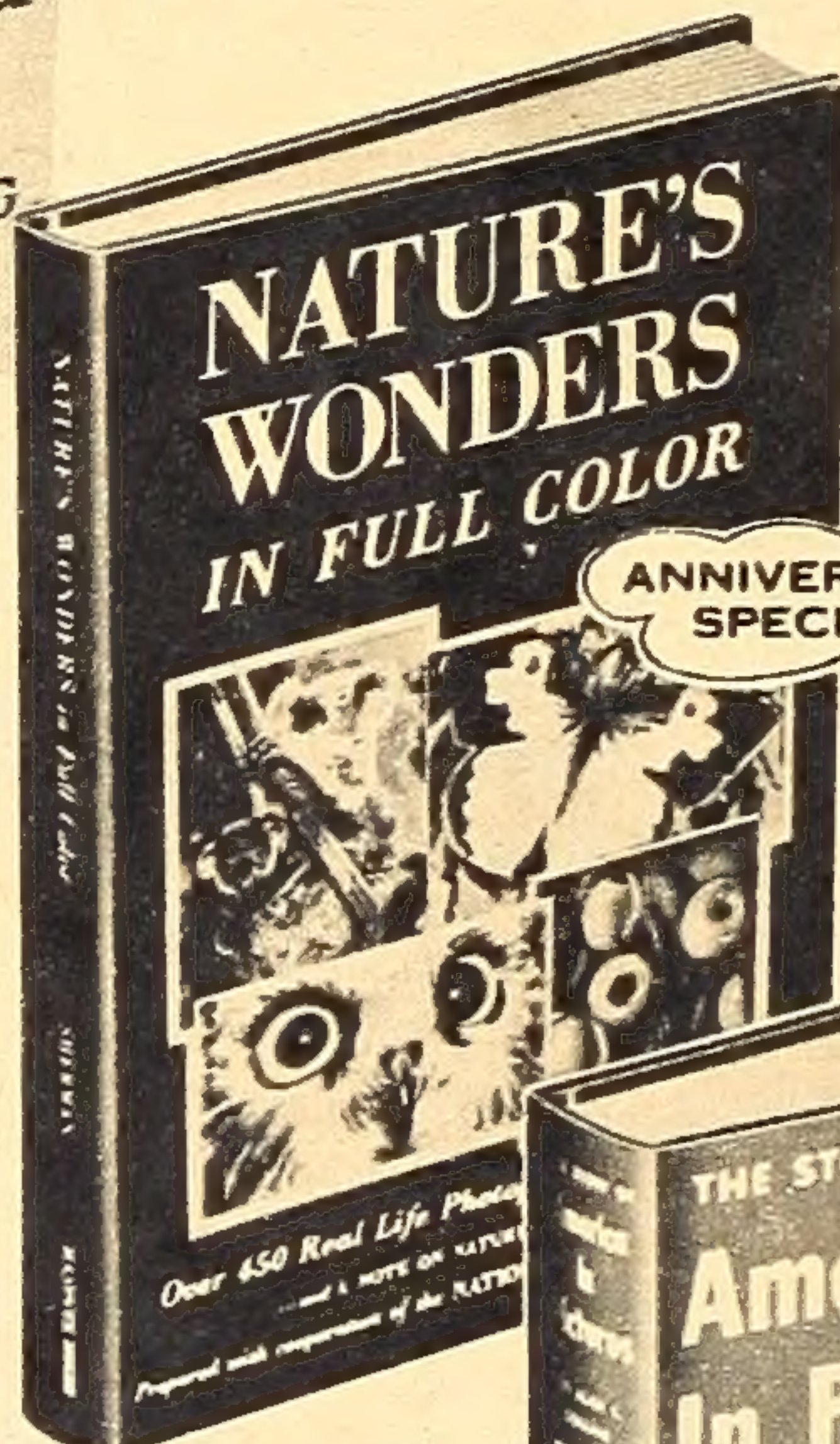
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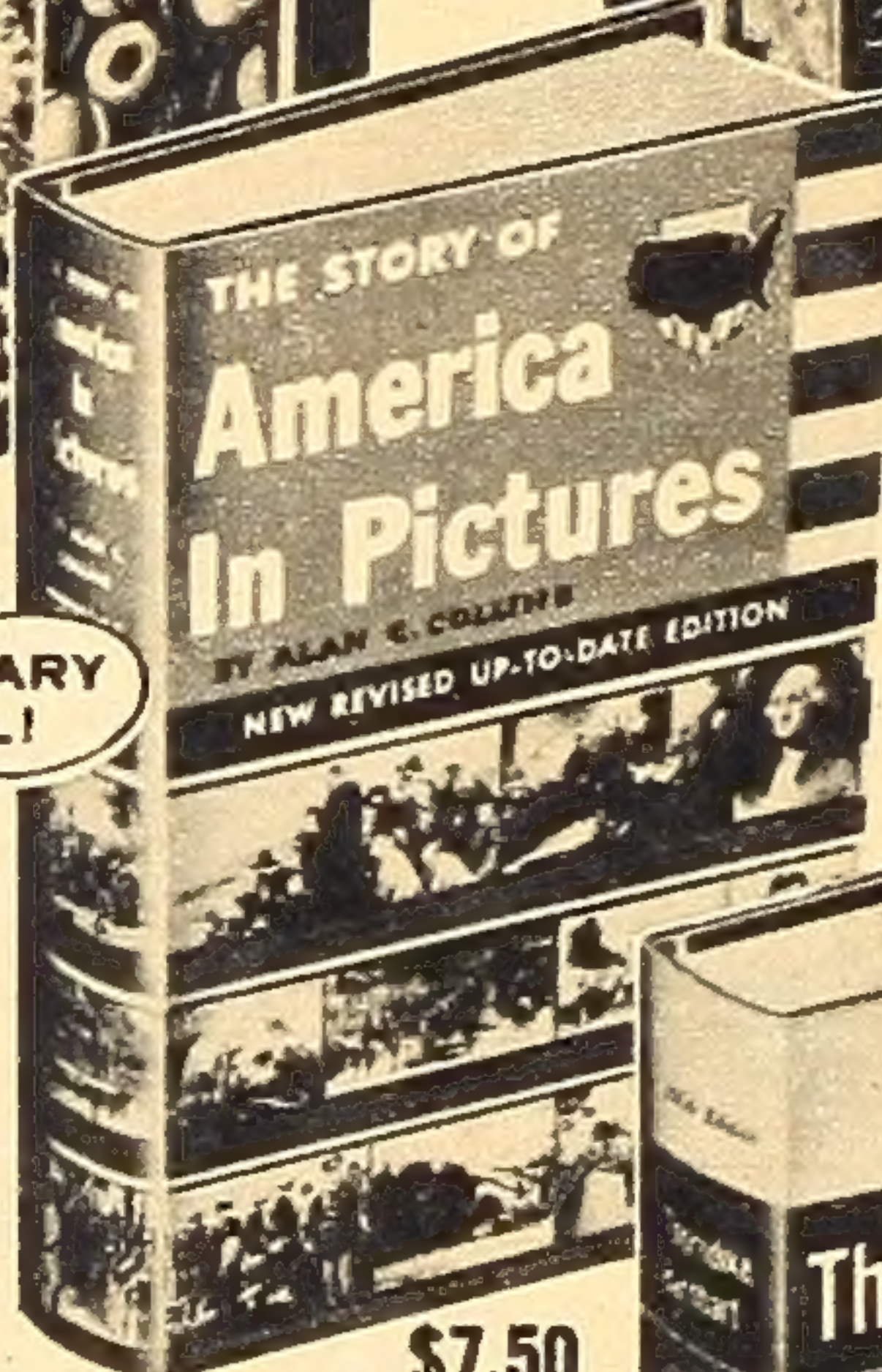
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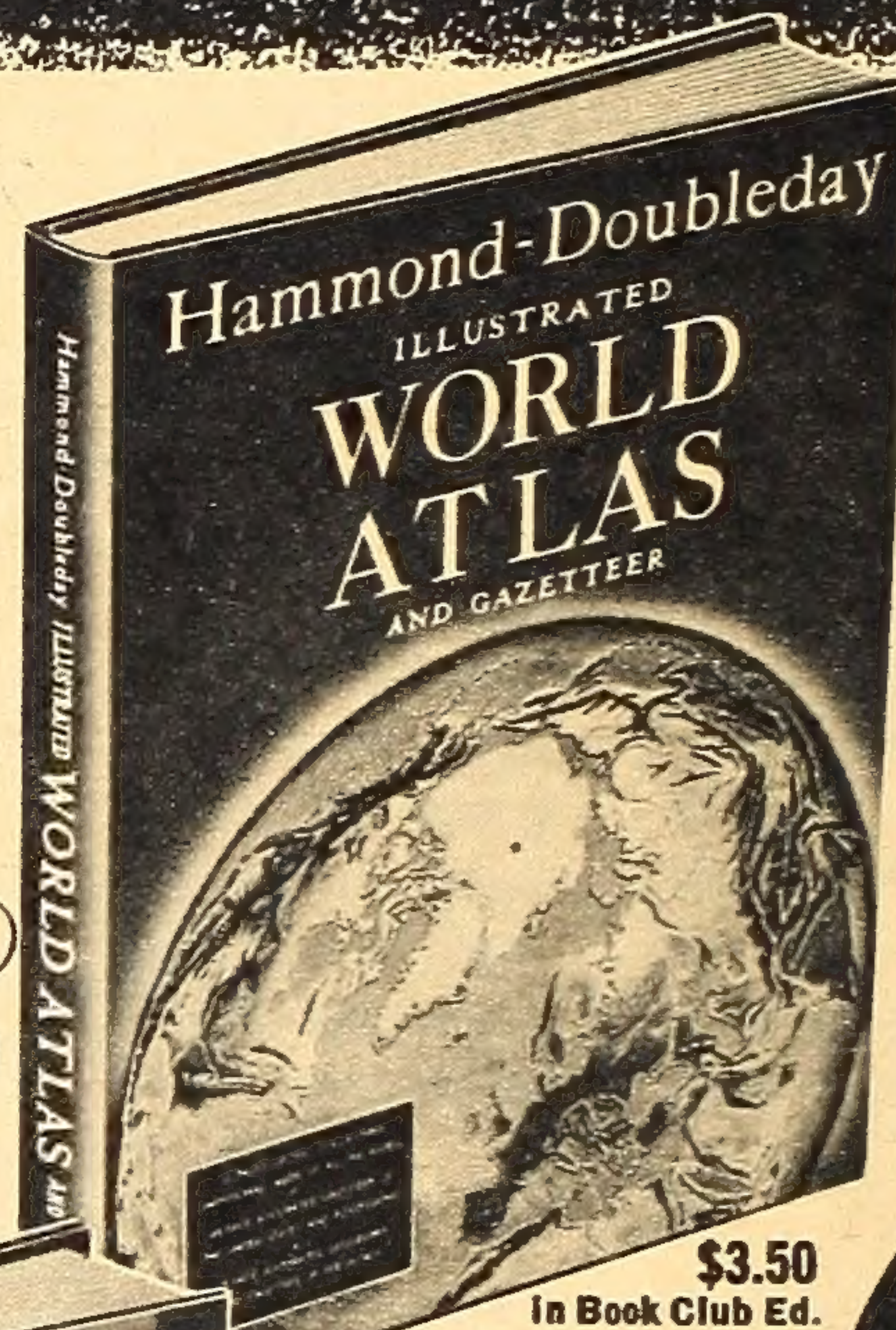
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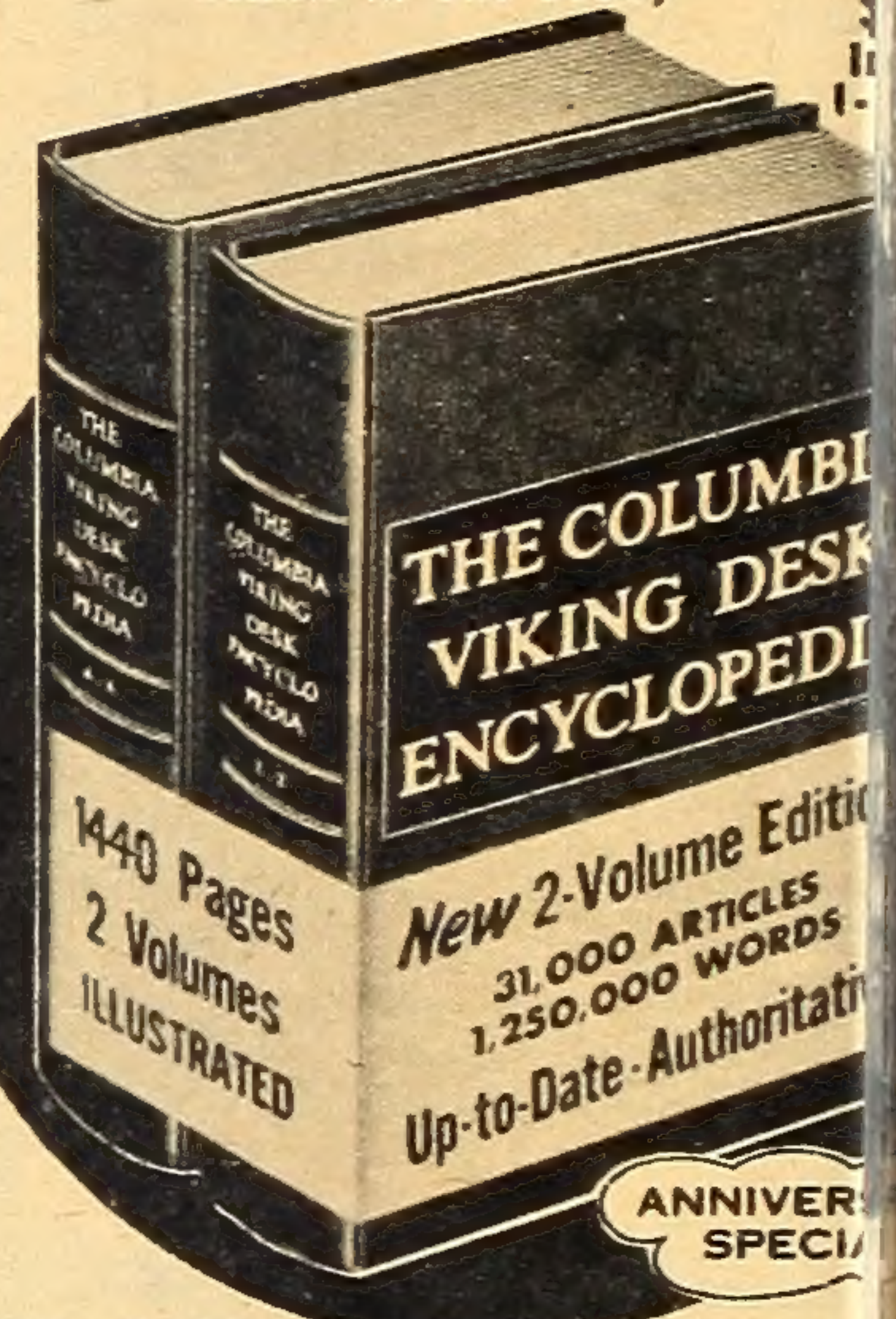


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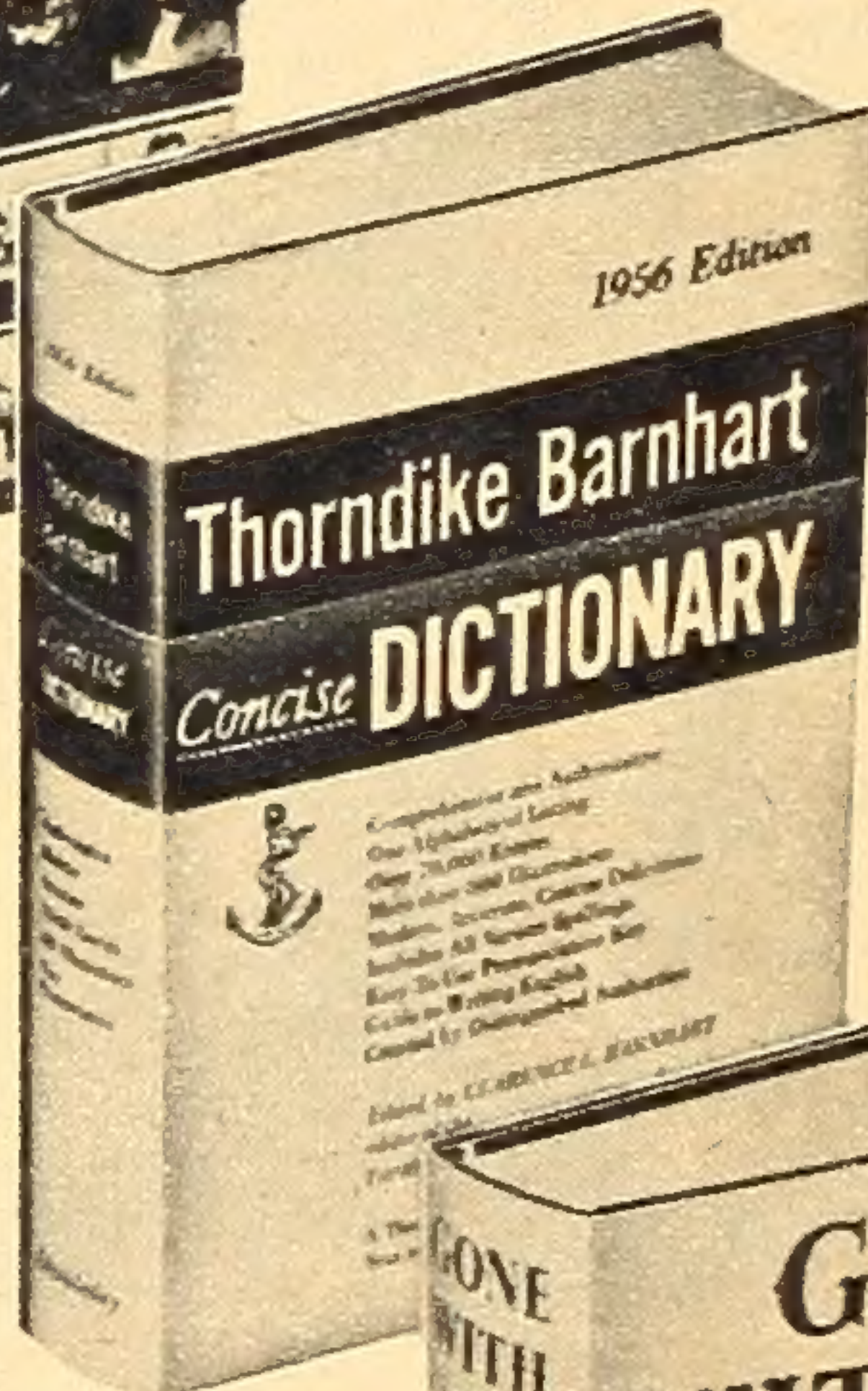


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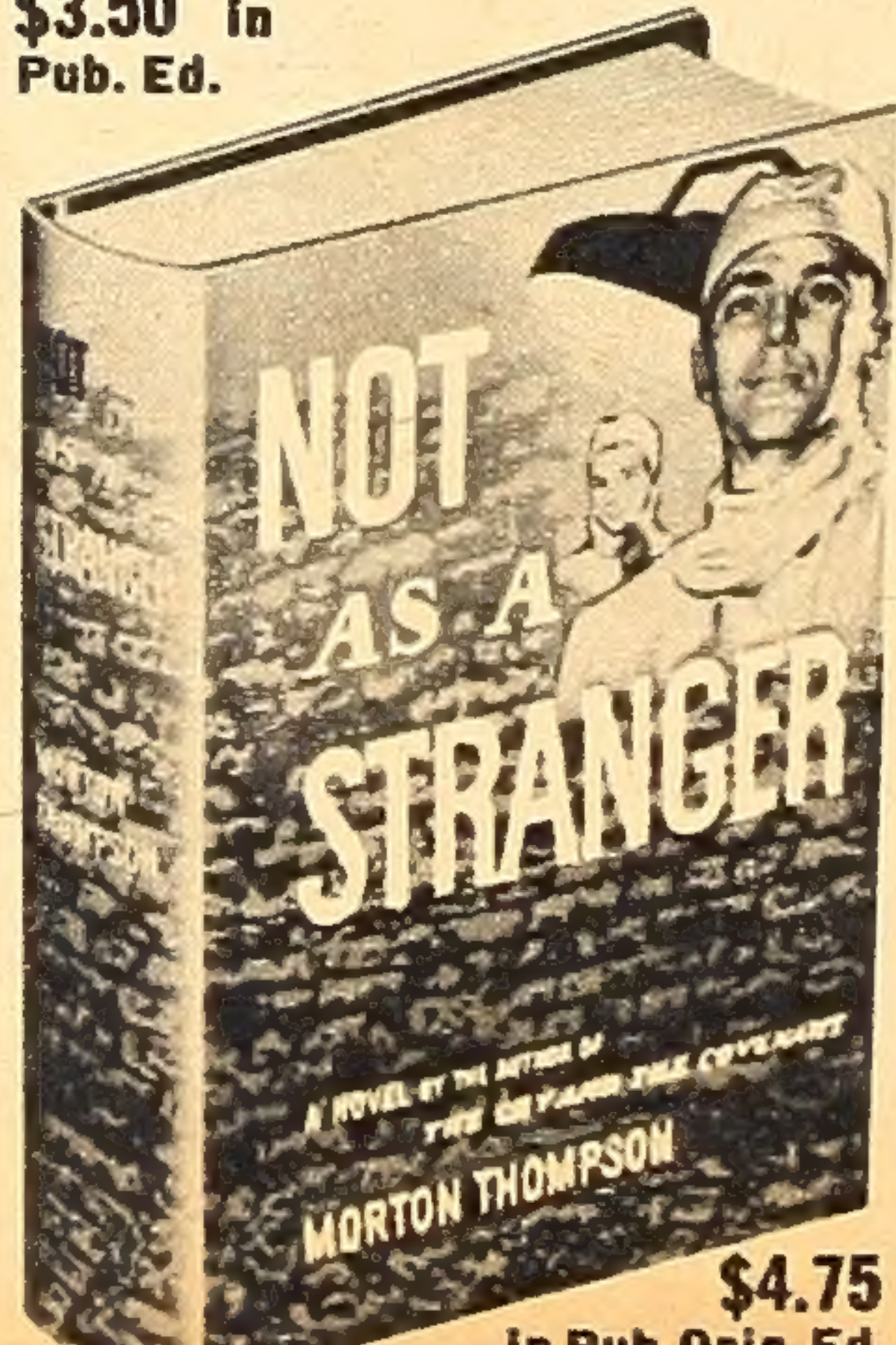
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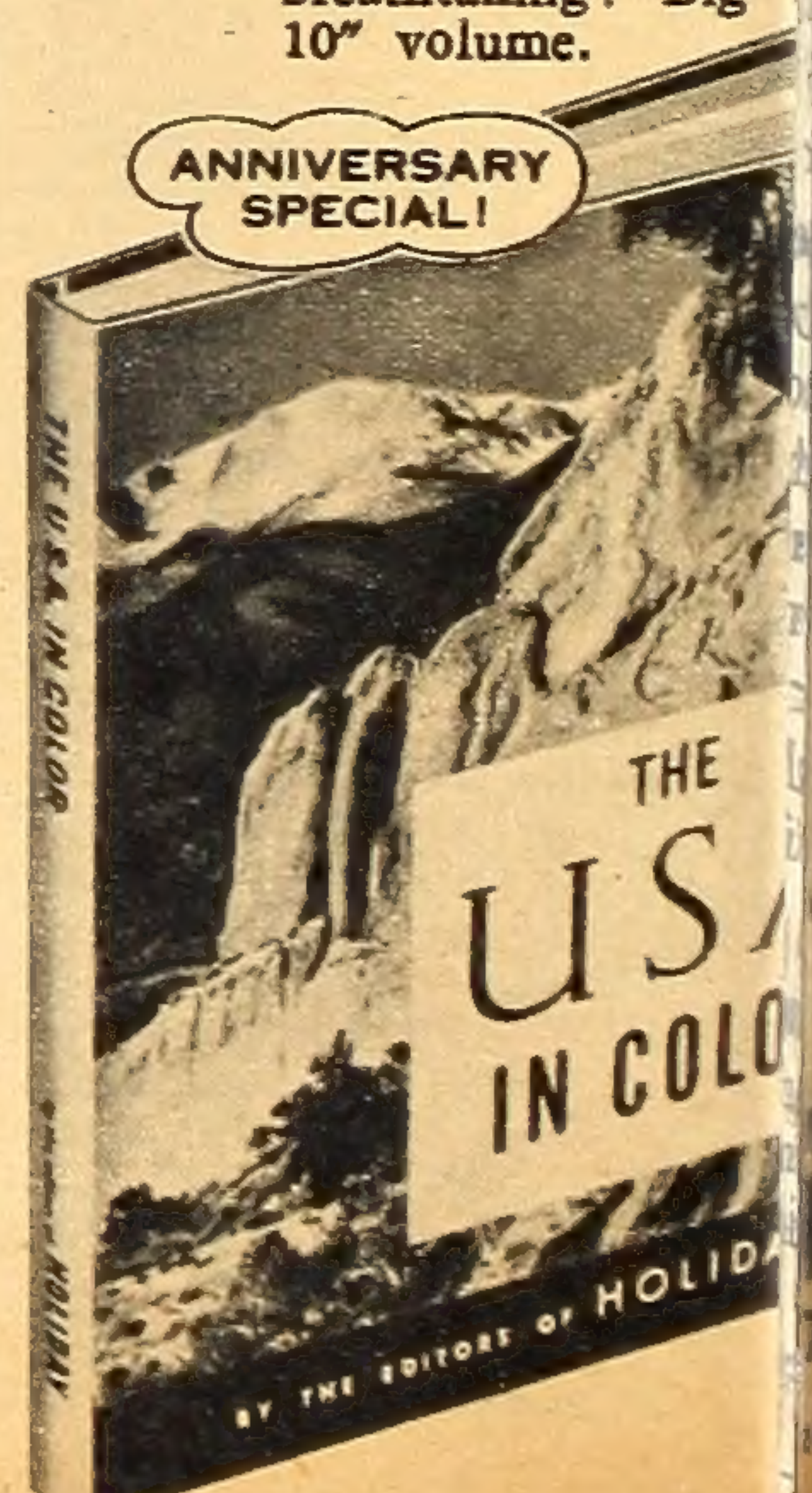
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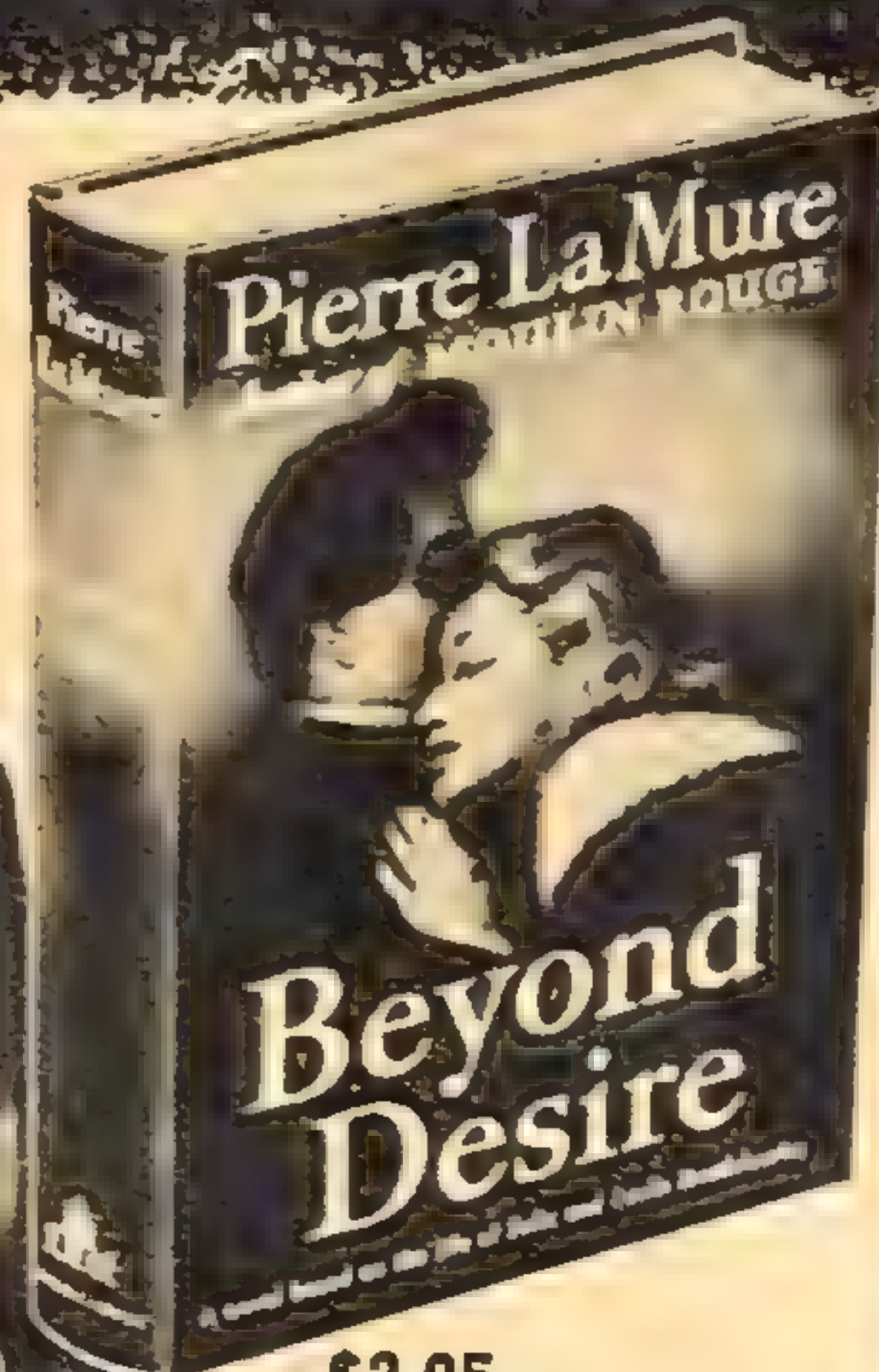
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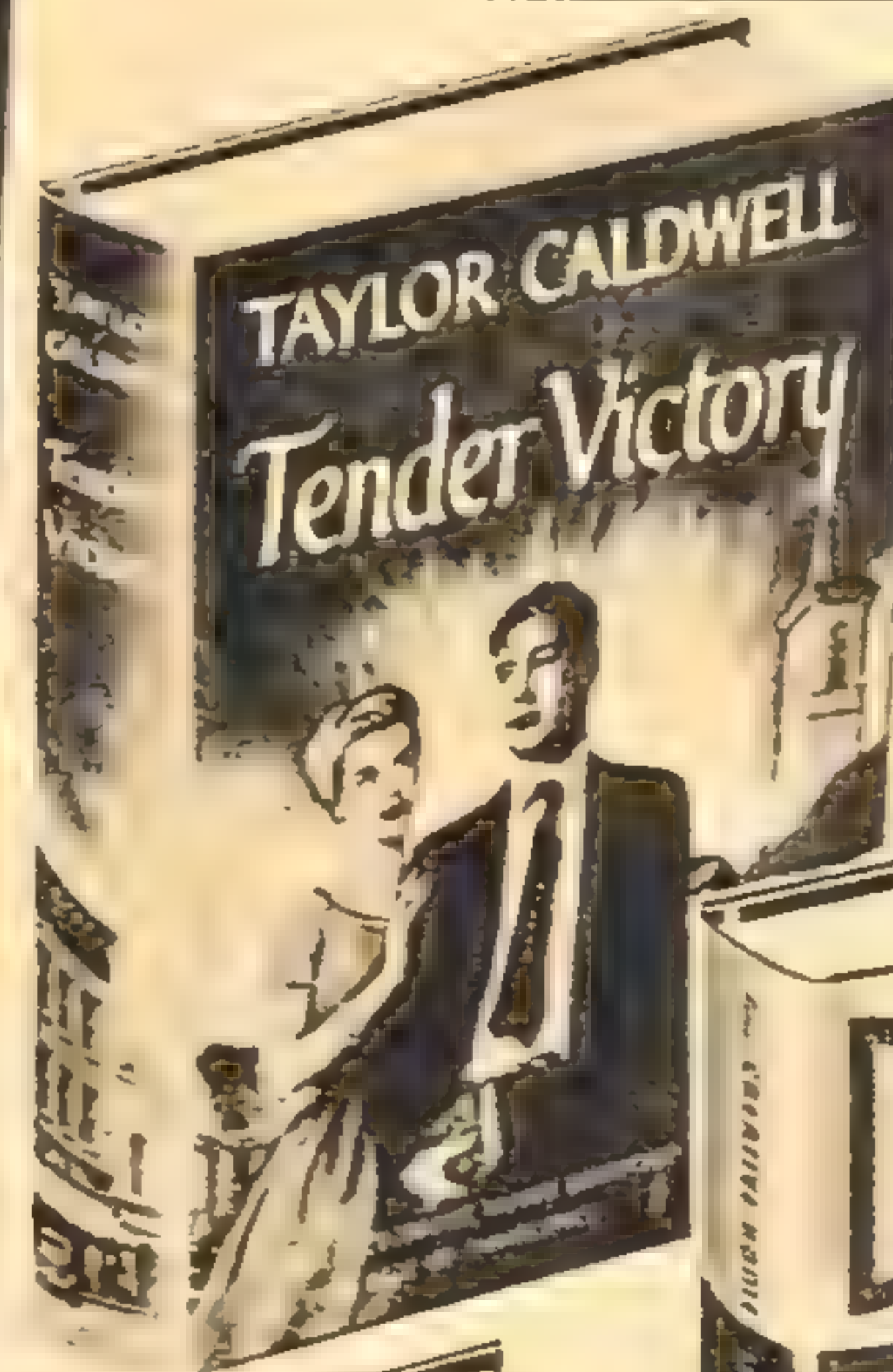
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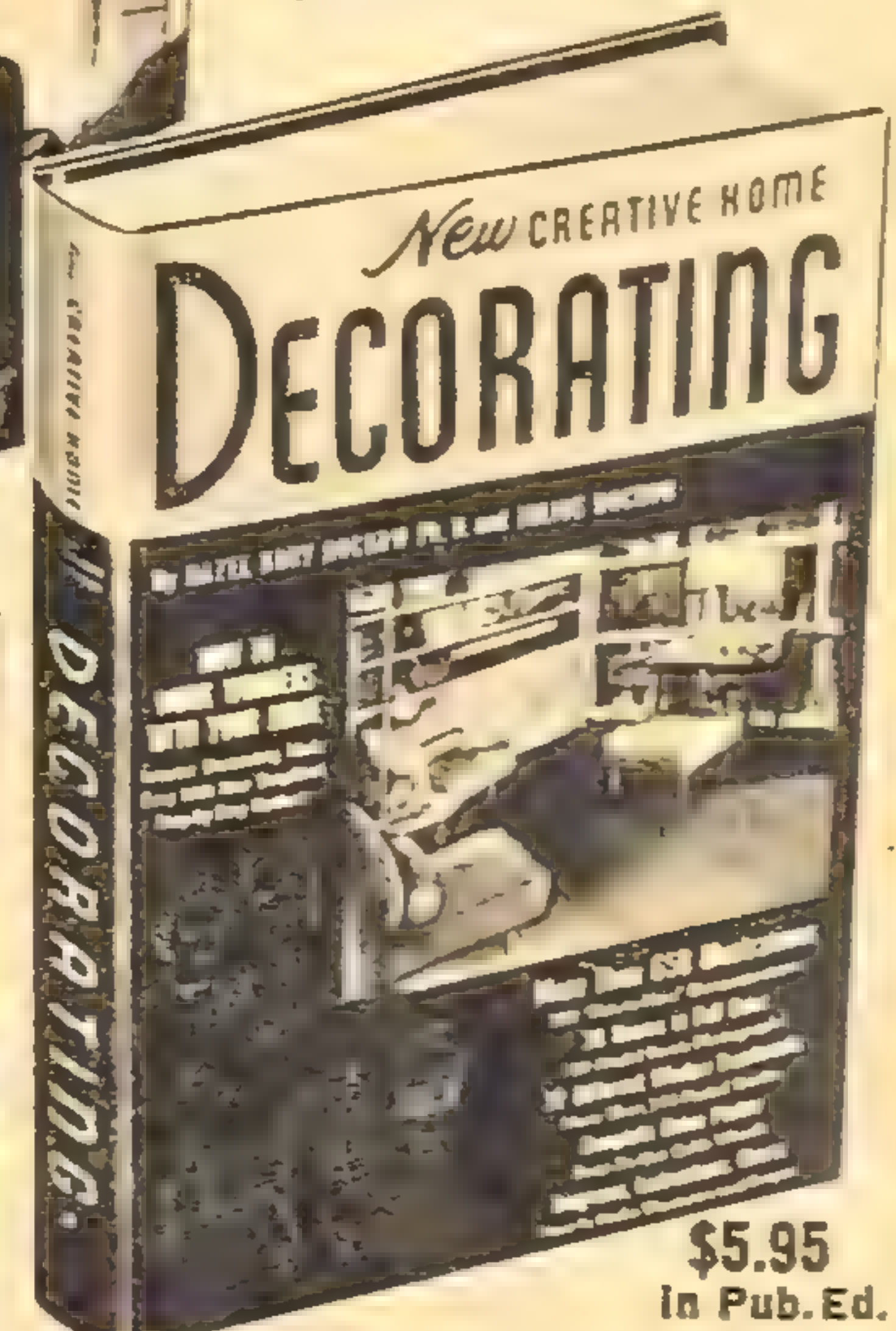
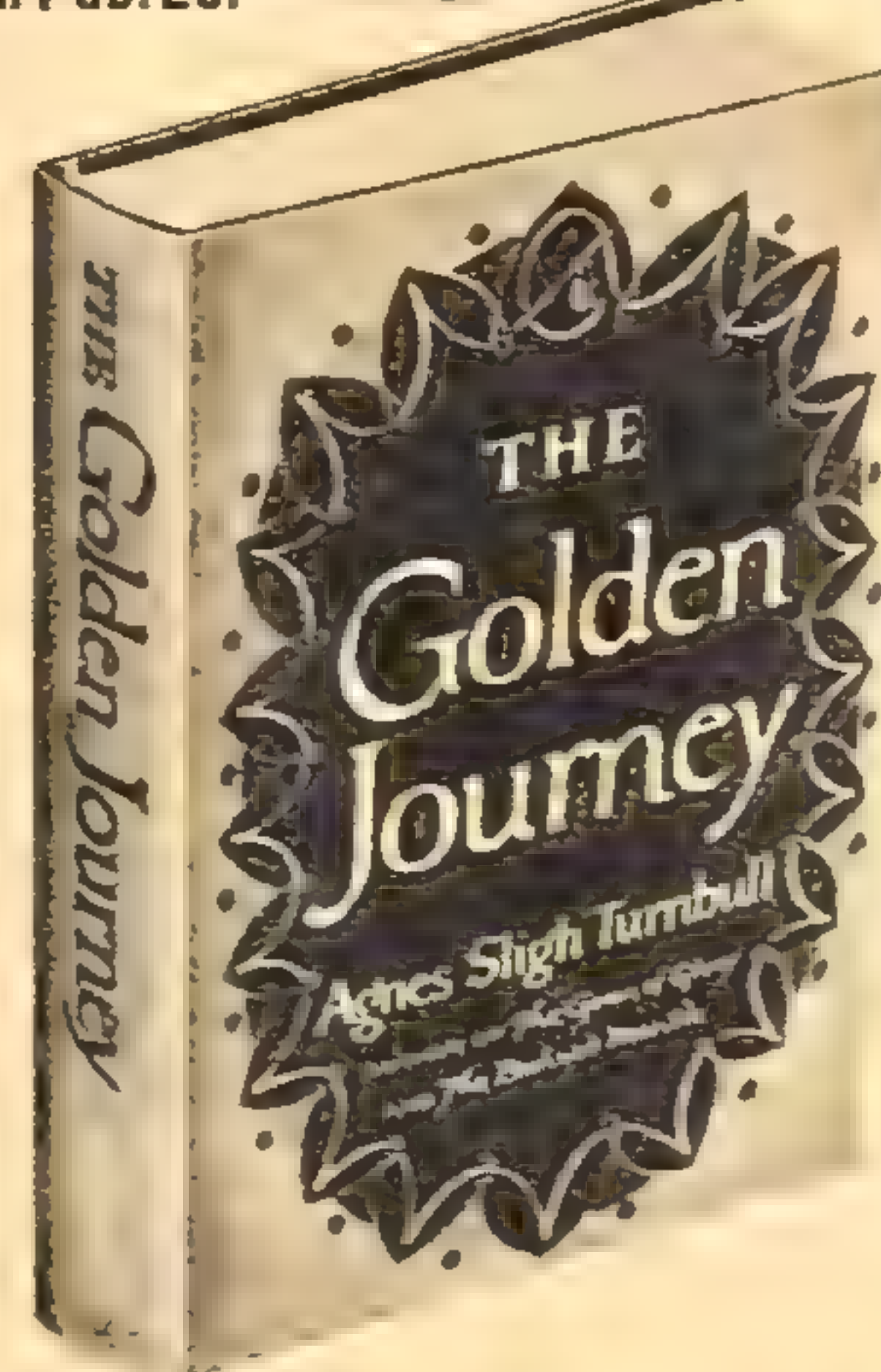


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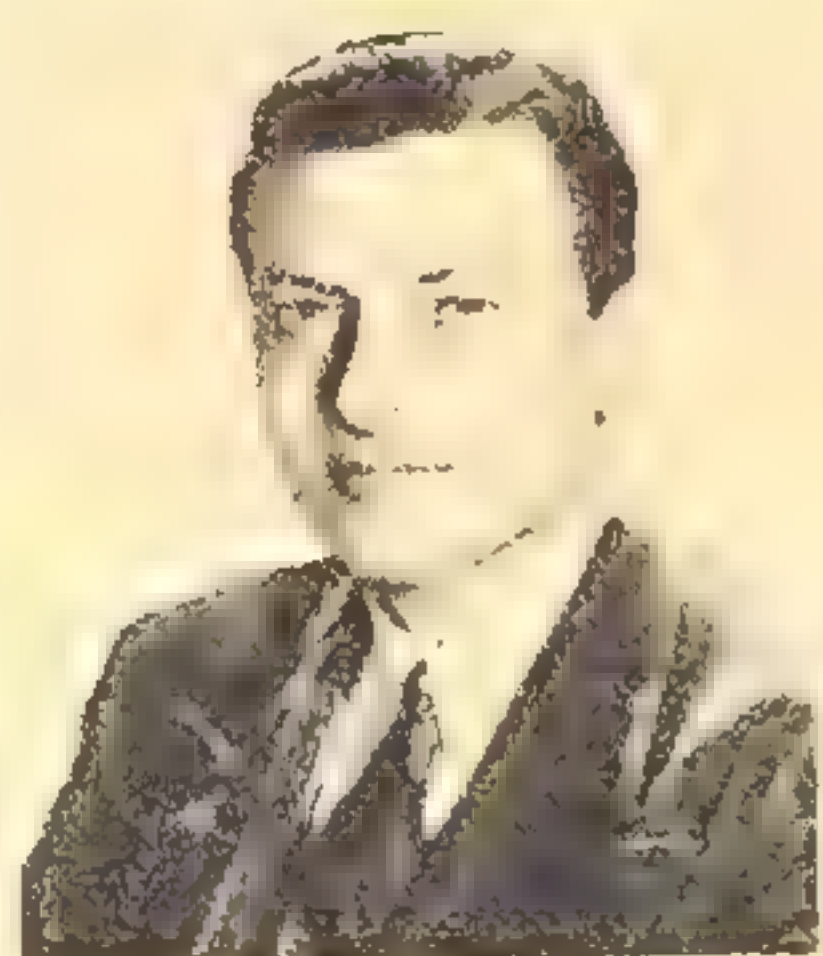
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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

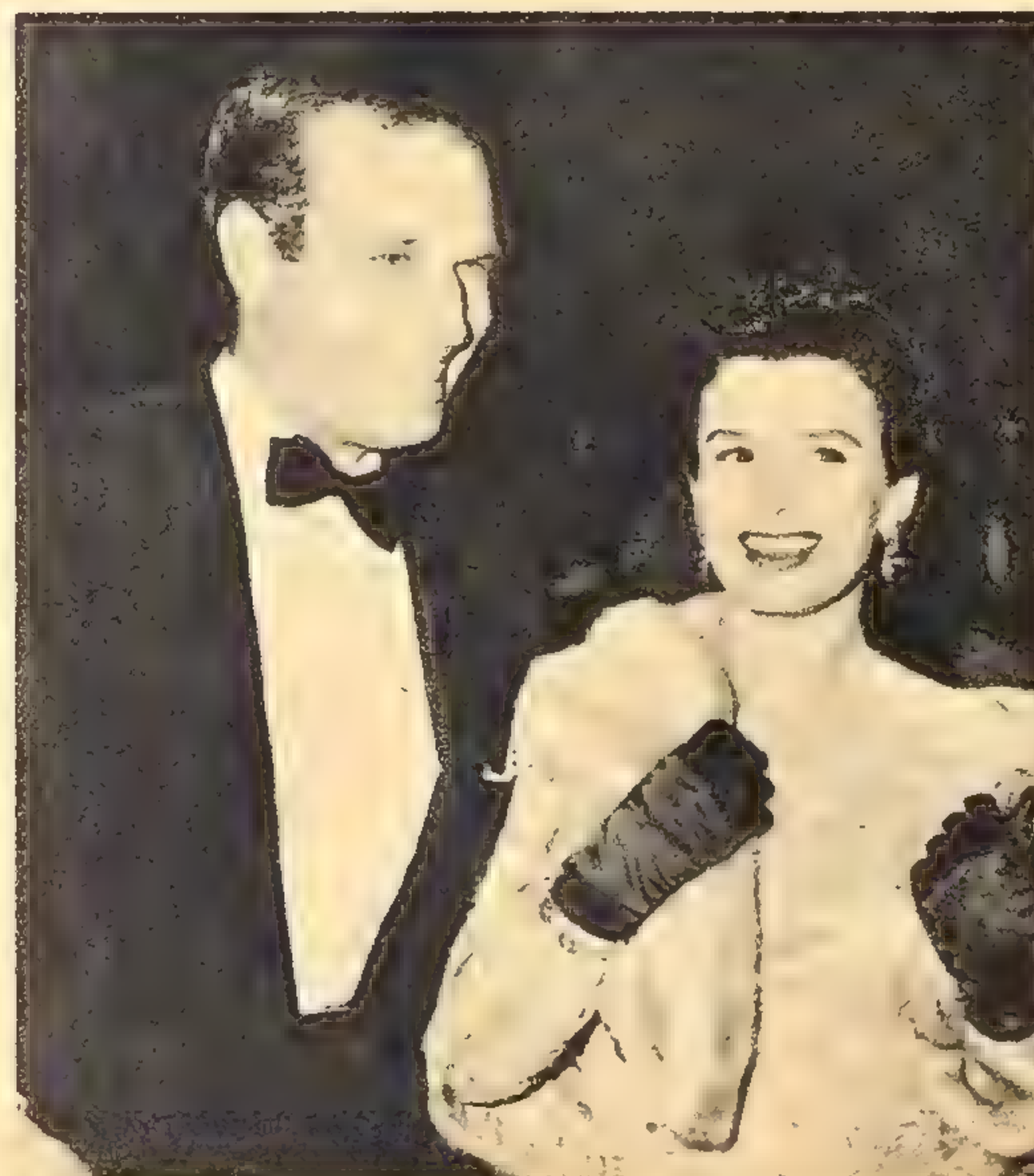
BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

SURPRISE—The day George Nader returned from his long location trip in Japan for "Joe Butterfly," Rock and Phyllis Hudson phoned to invite him to dinner the next night. "We'll eat at Chasen's and then go on to catch the show at Mocambo," Rock told George. "Pretty fancy, isn't it?" asked George who knows his friends, the Hudsons, don't go for night clubs and prefer entertaining at home. But Rock assured him they wanted to celebrate his homecoming. So George put on his best dark suit and arrived to pick up the Hudsons at their home at the appointed hour. But there were a bunch of his friends waiting to give him a surprise party and they were all in Japanese costumes! Among them, of course, was his favorite date, Martha Hyer. Temporarily they won't see so much of each other because, while George is working at U-I, Martha is 'way over on the other side of town at Paramount with Jerry Lewis in "The Delicate Delinquent." Last time she worked at Paramount was in "Sabrina" with Bill Holden. Now there's a switch!

ANOTHER PARTY—Jerry Lewis and his ever lovin' Patti pulled another switch. Instead of having a party for the cast at the end of the picture, as is customary, they had it before the film started. And they asked their guests to come dressed in the vein of the picture's title. Darren

McGavin, Jerry's new co-star, was *Keystone Kop*. Martha Hyer, an *Apache* dancer, explained she was a "French-*delinquent*." Don McQuire, the writer-director, was a military policeman, used to be an actor and host Jerry so how got hold of some of Don's old film cut out funny scenes, put them together as a "documentary" and showed the sult at the party. It was a riot. Of guests, not in the cast, just there for fun, were the Guy Madisons and Ron Reagans. And it was fun!

NO TIME FOR LOVE?—Kim No is so busy with drama, dancing and voice lessons, preparing for "The Jeanne Eagels Story" and "Pal Joey" that she says hasn't time for real romance. She still quiet dinner dates with steady beau Tom Krim, but marriage plans seem no closer. And she asked Count Mario Bandini, Italian admirer, to postpone his visit until the two pictures were finished. Kim quite concerned because she was criticized for using a "phony English accent" when interviewed on TV at the premiere of "High Society." Here's her explanation. She has been studying all the old movies Jeanne Eagels made and that afternoon had run and re-run an Eagels "talkie" which Jeanne used an English accent. She was completely carried away by the performance after studying it all afternoon.



AMONG celebrities at premiere of "Lust For Life" are Charlton Heston and his wife Lydia.



LOVE finally found the way to marriage for happy Dick Contino and Leigh Snow.

Then I rushed home, dressed, rushed to the theatre without even having dinner, and it was still so vivid in my mind, the accent just popped out. I don't want anyone to think I'd *consciously* affect any accent," she vowed. Okay, Kim, we believe you really were carried away! Especially after seeing the amazing file and cross file you've put together on Jeanne Eagles after reading everything you could find about the great actress.

HAPPY CHILD—Shirley MacLaine's husband, Steve Parker, managed to get back from Japan, where he's been producing films, just in time for the birth of their daughter whom they named Stephanie Sachiko. Steve suggested the middle name which means "Happy Child" in Japanese. He was able to stay home three weeks, long enough to celebrate their second wedding anniversary, then had to return to Tokyo. Sentimental Shirl, as a surprise, managed to have pictures taken of her and the baby for Steve to take back with him.

SENTIMENTAL—Marisa Pavan, Tony Curtis' leading lady in "Tomasino," confided she was "so unhappy" to be separated from her groom, Jean Pierre Aumont, on their fifth "monthiversary." Jean had to stay in Europe. Her one consolation was that the picture ended in time for her to fly to Paris so they could celebrate their sixth together. "We write each other twice a day, morning and evening. Telephoning is so extravagant!" she said. Marisa hopes twin Pier Angeli may still be in France, where she's been making "Harvest Thunder," to help the Aumonts celebrate but Pier writes that as soon as possible she will rush back here to her Vic Damone and son Perry.

LIKE WHOM?—It was a triumphal re-entry into Hollywood when Jayne Mansfield came back home. Wearing a form-fitting, low-cut white dress she was accompanied by her five-year-old daughter, continued on page 74



FAVORITE date of Anthony Perkins is his "Jim Piersall Story" co-star, Norma Moore.

THE STORY OF A FAMILY'S UGLY SECRET AND THE STARK MOMENT THAT THRUST THEIR PRIVATE LIVES INTO PUBLIC VIEW!

Mitch "No matter what
you think ... you're
the baby's father —not me!"

Lucy "I'll be faithful to
Kyle's name—even if
I can't to his love!"

Kyle "You call yourself
my best friend—but
you try to steal my wife!"

Marylee "How long
can I wait, Mitch,
feeling the way I do!"



*Written on
the WIND*
TECHNICOLOR

A Universal-International Picture starring
**ROCK LAUREN ROBERT DOROTHY
HUDSON · BACALL · STACK · MALONE**

Robert Keith · Grant Williams · Harry Shannon
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK · Screenplay by GEORGE ZUCKERMAN · Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH

Elvis Presley's Hollywood Adventures!

**One night his phone rang 476
times; the studio trembled
under the weight of fan mail; and
Elvis rode a pink Thunderbird**

By JOHN MAYNARD

ON August 23, 1956, in the late afternoon thereof, history descended on Hollywood in the way that history usually does nowadays—via commercial airline. History's name in this instance was Elvis Presley, and he'd come to make a picture. It was further bruited about that he was going to Act, in the earnest sense of the word, not simply rock-'n'-roll with his outsize guitar. This seemed to the hard, professional core of Hollywood both an improbability and a usurpation of artists' rights. But they were willing to stand aside, wrapped in chilly hostility, and wait for it to happen.

It happened.

It happened within a period of about four weeks, or all the time Elvis spent working on the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Love Me Tender," a film titled with a reckless disregard for the property rights of adverbs. When it was over, 20th officials thought something very exciting had happened. Viewers of dailies and rough cuts swore up, down and sideways that Elvis Presley now was a man complete, not simply a phenomenon with an exceptionally active pelvis. Furthermore, they pointed out, the kid got to die in this film while singing his own requiem over the sound track in the picture's title number, and how could a business like that miss? And over and beyond that, they said, nominal stars Richard Egan and Debra Paget took it all very gracefully, having developed an abiding fondness for Elvis.

Actually, the 20th lot and Hollywood as a whole developed the same fondness, or so professed. One mighty columnist, who had dismissed him blithely as a "monster" and worse, suddenly had an abiding ambition to interview him. He didn't have time. Another writer of power and authority did see him, and was charmed out of her boots.

Gone, apparently, was the Elvis who earlier in the year had worked Hollywood's environs in a series of his concerts or revival meetings or whatever they might have been called. This Elvis carried an overpowering entourage and confessed to a reporter he "dated the local talent, wherever it is" now and then, but nothing else. He had, and still has, four Cadillacs and a motorcycle, but all this horsepower was not wasted; excepting the motorcycle, it served the Presley caravan when hopping from place to place while on tour.

continued on page 16



TEENAGERS like these, attending a Presley stage performance, swarmed all over Elvis upon his arrival at the Los Angeles airport.



ELVIS surprised everyone in Hollywood by his apparent modesty and restraint.

But now he turned up with no car whatever, and addressed his elders meticulously as "sir" and "ma'am." He was earnest, hard-working and abstinent—as, incidentally, he always is. Queried once about the likelihood of his being a dope fiend, he had to reply in all honesty that he was not. Nor cigarettes, nor liquor. The cola drinks suffice him. He stayed in a mid-Hollywood hotel until news of his whereabouts somehow got around; he returned to it one night to find 476 telephone messages awaiting him. He was driven everywhere in a studio car. He acknowledged to intimates that in a show business sense, he was a freak, and was now working with his professional superiors and would be best advised to keep his mouth shut and listen and observe. He said it was his life's yen to become an actor, and he behaved as though he meant it. 20th and Producer Hal Wallis of Paramount, who presumably has next call on his services, are convinced of his gifts.

BUT this was by no means the first or last of Elvis Presley's brief, energetic adventures in Hollywood. He made friends in low places and influenced people in high. He may have done himself the most good he has yet, although that is at least debatable considering the scope of his revivals. Still, he was in the right places at last, the dens of the mighty.

That part of our story comes a trifle later.

On this August 23 of his arrival, Elvis was greeted by a police-estimated crowd of more than 1,000 teenagers. (Adlai Stevenson later was pleased to realize that his own reception was almost as cordial.) He moved through them faster than is his wont, as though intent on a more immediate and lofty goal. He was swept to his hotel, and went to work the next day.

He worked *and* he worked. He worked on the 20th lot and on a mountain location. It was a Civil War story, an odd mating of Enoch Arden and Jesse James, and there were many things to do, such as shootin' guns, dying and singing his first ballad—"Love Me Tender." "Love Me Tender," the song, is roughly 150 years old, and was known then as "Aura Lee." Supposedly, it will be popular again.

The press swarmed as locusts swarm, but got pretty short shrift. There wasn't enough of either time or Elvises to go around. But Elvis did have his moments—as he did his free evenings.

His evenings were devoted to Natalie Wood—and to Natalie's close friend and fellow-player, Nick Adams. But Nick wasn't always along, giving rise to knowing reports that (1) Elvis was in love with Natalie, (2) Natalie was in love with Elvis, (3) they were in love with each other. Said Natalie to a reporter: "He's intelligent rather than intellectual, and he seems to have no idea of how popular he is. Otherwise, no comment."

RECORDING sessions in Hollywood find Elvis listening intently to the instructions of the director. He got along famously with co-workers.



upon a new career in the movies

But Elvis allowed to the same reporter that he did have a pretty good idea how popular he is, and that he hopes he has the brains to play it right. Privately, he is said to give himself five years, the last two of these with diminishing returns. But meanwhile, he hopes to have become an actor, with the same sort of solidity that Sinatra, who made another generation swoon, has achieved.

"ELVIS," a close associate has said, "isn't playing this thing either up or down. He's gauged it as well as he can. He's playing it while he's hot. You can't blame him. But he doesn't want to kill himself either." His mother warned him during his Hollywood stay that if he kept on at his present pace, he would not live beyond 30. Elvis listened pretty hard.

He was tired anyway that night, and after the phone call to Tennessee, he had a date with Natalie and with Nick Adams and with his, Elvis's, cousin and confrere, Gene Smith. In Natalie's pink Thunderbird, he and Natalie drove to the home of a writer, while Nick and Gene followed in another car. Previously they had been going to their beloved movies night after night, assaulting their milkshakes afterward, and on the whole, proving dull fodder for patrollers of night club doings. But this evening, the press was involved.

The press told Elvis it had heard he'd make three million

SUBDUED Presley could be recording a lullaby, not rock 'n' roll.



ELVIS feels his popularity as a singer may start to wane after a few years, for that reason is striving hard to become an actor.

dollars that year, and Elvis said that was absolute nonsense. "One million, maybe. Never three."

How did he feel about the widespread, if somewhat dubious, publicity he's gotten?

"It's only really hurt me twice," he said. In a widely disseminated story, a southern preacher had said in effect that Elvis would decline divine salvation if proffered it, would turn his back on the Lord and say he didn't need Him.

"I believe in God," he said now. "I always have. He gave me my voice. If I turned my back on Him now or any other time, I'd be through. That would be the end."

And, he said, he had a vast distaste for the assorted nicknames, the "Pelvis" bit in particular. He contended and certainly with some justification, that he had never performed a sensual gesture on a stage. If you talked to him for a while, you would believe it implicitly. The Presley rock

continued on page 18

ELVIS PRESLEY

continued



THOUGHTFUL, Elvis Presley ponders the future. Bent on "stabilizing," he'll probably settle down in Hollywood and emphasize movies.

SNAZZY shirt proves Elvis hasn't gone overboard on conservatism.



Without his guitar and rock 'n'

is a side to side affair, a leaping from foot to foot. His gestures are frenetic not offensive. He drums his fingers, jiggles his feet, shifts laterally in his chair. He is incapable of holding still. But there is nothing physically of double entendre in him.

Thus in Hollywood did Elvis speak, and the people had faith. Dick Egan, who might well have been pardoned for taking a dim view of the boy sight unseen, was delighted with him instead and did everything in his power to help him. So did his director, Bob Webb, to the extent of taking him yachting on Elvis's one week-end away from it all. On his first week-end, Labor Day, in Hollywood, he took respite from a week's film work by cutting 13 records for RCA. On his second, he rushed to San Diego for a revival. On his return, his jitters were conspicuously worse, and Webb hied him away to Catalina waters. There on the boat, he took several of his three-hour catnaps, and appeared to feel better.

After three weeks on the picture, he flew back to Alabama and Mississippi for a week of local greetings. The following week, he returned to Hollywood and wrapped up the film. Then he was off for Chautauqua again.

When Elvis was driven out of his Hollywood hotel, he went



REHEARSING his lines for the Steve Allen telecast, Elvis is a far cry from the torso-twisting Presley of his earlier TV appearances.

roll, Elvis gives every indication of fast becoming a solid citizen

under cover to the Beverly-Wilshire, registering as "Clinton Reno," the name of the character he portrays in "Love Me Tender." It didn't do much good but it did a little.

GOOD deeds were sandwiched in. Elvis and his studio had not a chance of coping with all mail and calls received—20th can hardly remember the like of it in its history—but they did manage to screen much of it. One was a long distance phone from Miami, Fla., the speaker claiming she was the mother of a mortally ill girl whose dying wish was to hear from Elvis. The call was checked back and proved to be partially true: it wasn't the mother, it was the girl's older sister by only two years—and the girl was not mortally ill, but pretty sick at that. So Elvis, who was on location at the time, got back to her that evening, and the little victim chirped up. So did a very seriously burned youngster in Oakland, Calif., after Elvis had dispatched his warmest greetings and get-wells. One thing about Hollywood: it gave him a solid place to be reached—so solid that his headquarters planned to move there from Madisonville, Tenn.

And Elvis will be back. There's no doubt about that. He'd like to stabilize, according to friends. The revival route

could knock him cold sooner or later. The squads of police protection could addle him. The surging adolescents sometimes seem to endanger his life.

He's long thought about settling in Memphis, but as a consequence of Hollywood, he is by no means so sure. His earlier test for Hal Wallis, running what will be termed for lassitude's sake the gamut of emotions, has been called sensational by those who have seen it.

So Hollywood may deprive America of Elvis Presley's guitar and rock-'n'-roll and disgorge in its place Elvis Presley the actor. It is believed teenagers will not be disappointed.

As for Elvis, he did well this time out. A brief prior appearance—with Milton Berle on television—found him not so cordially received. Indeed Berle, during final rehearsal, is reported to have advanced at one point toward center stage and called querulously: "All right, where's Elvis whatzizname? What are we doing, rehearsing or playing games? What are we, amateurs or professionals?"

The experience and adventures of Elvis Presley in Hollywood may have answered his question. Hollywood, his first time out, did something decisive for Elvis whatzizname. And it appears like it was all for the best.

END

KIM NOVAK:

Who's Bandini?



MYSTERY MAN in Kim's life is Count Mario Bandini whom she dated constantly during her visit to Rome, danced away the wee hours.

**Will Kim emulate Grace Kelly by
marrying a titled Continental?**

Well, it just could be . . .

By JIM COOPER

IN MID-SUMMER of 1956, an unseasonably icy finger reached out and touched, lightly, the cockles of Columbia Pictures' executive heart. With very little warning, there seemed reason to believe that Columbia in particular and motion pictures in general might be going to lose the decorative and talented services of Kim Novak.

Miss Novak, a girl with considerable ambition career-wise, had not said so; yet, she hadn't exactly laughed the question off when it was put to her.

Furthermore, a likely handful of her closer intimates, and particularly those who had been with her during her trip abroad, thought the notion was at least conceivable.

Oi' dabbil love, of course, is the culprit in the woodpile. Miss Novak's friends insist that the girl's in a bind and that something will have to give.

The principals in the main event should perhaps be introduced at this point.

In one corner stands a collective entity we can call Kid Career, which adds up to fame, worldly goods and the exercise of an ability our heroine has worked hard to cultivate.

In the other, is a promising, sandy-haired, middle-sized Italian named Mario Bandini—*Count* Mario Bandini, yet—who is said to be as rugged on the subject of working wives as Prince Rainier, who is very rugged.

An erstwhile factor in the going, it is believed, now occupies a spot no closer than third-row ringside: Theatreman Mac Krim, whom Miss Novak avowedly adores but on whom she has ominously refused to commit herself when the chips are really down.

"Well," she said once of Krim, in answer to a question, "he's the only one I'm dating." It sounded less than inflammatory. Then came the torrent of indecision which possibly she is also undergoing in *re* Bandini. "Try to understand me," she said. "Try to get it. Over here is the career, or whatever you want to call it. Over there is Mac. It's like reaching for a robe with one hand and opening the door with the other. A divided effort. You just have to do things one at a time, don't you agree?"

Which didn't on the face of it augur well for Uncle Mac. But her inquisitor pressed on, and Miss Novak finally went to evasive action. No, she said, she certainly would not marry him by springtime. And, she wailed: "I'm only 22!"

But she is a year older now, and Bandini—well, Bandini is something else.

A close associate of Kim's, one who was with her throughout her recent European and national tour, has deposed: "There's really something to this one. And Mario—*him* you should see and know. Not that Mac Krim's not a wonderful guy, but if that was going to happen, it would have by now—I think. There was a full tide and a right moment, and

continued on page 22



COUNTESS Bandini? Friends of Kim say the possibility is not too far remote.

**Kim's Roman holiday became
an idyll which she shared
with suave Count Mario Bandini
as they took in the sights**



NIGHT OUT in Rome finds Kim and Count Bandini entering cellar club. In appearance, Bandini resembles a younger George Sanders.

DANCING in the dark, Kim seems enchanted with the Bandini brand of charm. The Count planned to visit Kim here in Hollywood.

then—it passed. I'm sure they're very close still. But marriage—uh-uh. Not for my dollar. But Mario Bandini—if you really want a tip, watch that one."

This should be possible. Bandini is scheduled to infiltrate Hollywood sometime soon, presumably in possession of Miss Novak's home phone number. But meanwhile, espionage out of Rome has the following to say:

The count is one of the north Italians, resembling a somewhat younger George Sanders and with an accent for English that dissolves women into small, untidy puddles. "It's so cute!" one has reported. "You want to help him, but it's so cute, you just stand there and listen. It also," she went on, in a slightly more thoughtful vein, "may be contrived. You know those *attractive* Italians."

Yes and no. In any event, it happened Miss Novak and entourage were in Rome during their stay, and a party was tossed for them by Gaea Pallavicini, wife of an Italian producer. And Bandini, a well-heeled and well-connected fellow who works hard in the manufacturing dodge, was right away on the pipe to Signora Pallavicini demanding *he* be invited, since bellissima Kim was going to be on tap. So Signora Pallavicini complied, and that started something. Not only, according to supposedly flawless sources, can the firemen do nothing about it; they haven't even been called yet.

KIM and Mario, if you can first-name so fliply a count of the realm, passed up very few evenings together in Rome, and later the count followed the Novak party to Venice, and then north to Paris. Although no transcript is available of the couple's conversations while alone—and this wasn't very often, incidentally, due to this and that and a kind of duenna system employed by studios for their touring talent—they did talk a lot about French impressionist art while surrounded. What this proves is impossible to say, but they *did* talk about it.

Then after a while Kim got back to Hollywood and was pleasantly—some thought even happily—reticent on the subject of the count. There it rested—or tossed and turned.

"But one thing is for sure," an onlooker has declared.





HOLDING HANDS while the lights are low, Mario and Kim seem so in love. Was the romance fly-by-night or will it resume once again?

"Mario Bandini is not a guy who'd permit his wife to go on working after marriage, movie star or not. The Italian aristocracy is that way, and Mario is that way in spades. So if they *do* marry—and I'd be the last to say they won't—it's goodbye, Kim. Rome's gain, Hollywood's loss."

To say nothing of the blow to the chops sustained by Columbia stockholders.

And for Mac Krim, there is this—wafted one spring night into the soft, Roman twilight air. "All these beauties," said Kim Novak of the Roman landmarks she was touring, "should be seen with someone you love. I wish Mac were here."

That was a few days before Signora Pallavicini's party and the swashbuckling entrance of Count Mario. Thus destiny beats its tots both hip and thigh.

It has been customary this year for Hollywood's younger elements to beat the European bush for a few months and return "new" persons, and Kim Novak is no exception.

She left Hollywood a frightened girl, given to crying spells, excruciatingly shy, burdened with abysmal insecurity. This was forgivable. Her startlingly fast rise was based on queasy footage, no background to sustain her. She had the sickening feeling of spinning through air, and that gravity had forsaken

her in the giddy heights of stardom. She came back a woman.

"I'll never cry again," she confided to a friend on the way home, "unless for some terribly real, some valid reason. I don't know what was the matter before. I can guess, but I don't know. But whatever it was, it's over. The trip did everything for me."

THERE are examples available. Those who have seen the film, "Picnic," will have no difficulty recalling the rather over-voltage dance Miss Novak executed with William Holden on the river pier. Well, doing that for the picture itself, she was so overcome with feelings of inadequacy and reserve that she wept over the prospect of performing before the crew—which naturally she had to do. But on her arrival in Rome, before a mass gathering of reporters she tossed off a similar routine in bare feet; unrehearsed, completely spontaneous, and with a professional partner she had never met until that moment.

It was news to some that Kim Novak had accumulated this much poise. That's a new kind of courage for her. But the old kind, the one sportswriters call guts, she's always had.

Flying under all but perfectly pressurized conditions is

continued on page 67

DONALD O'CONNOR



THE
**Buster
Keaton**
STORY



ACTING as technical adviser on the film, the master of silence stands on the bank of a stream watching his portrayer paddle his own canoe.

STICKLER for perfection, Keaton coaches from the sidelines as Don listens attentively. Role was toughest Don's ever attempted.



CAMERA catches Don from above as he emulates the pork-pie hatted pantomimist in a scene in the film.

continued on page 26

DONALD O'CONNOR continued

After many tries, Donald finally masters one of Keaton's most hilarious routines



RETURNING from a New Year's Eve party, slightly inebriated, Don and wife Ann Blyth find getting to bed a harrowing experience.

HOW TO DO the hilarious "Putting Baby To Bed" routine is demonstrated by Keaton and wife Joan, his partner in the old act.



TOWEL wrapped around his neck, perspiring Don takes a breather between scenes of "The Keaton Story." Dancing isn't half as hard.





WITH ANN flung over his shoulders, Don, pretending to be unsteady and dazed from over-indulgence, rehearses carrying her across the room.

ALL BUT exhausted after the strenuous physical exertion, Don mops up as he listens to Keaton explain some things that weren't quite right.



END

By ERNST JACOBI



THE ROSSELLINIS—Ingrid, her husband Roberto, son Robertino, and the twins, Isotta and Isabel—are a closely knit, happy family.

AT HIS beach house in Santa Monica one Sunday afternoon, nearly ten years ago, the late great director Sam Wood was watching Ingrid Bergman swim far out into the Pacific. There was a dangerous undertow, and someone asked whether he hadn't better notify the lifeguard station to keep an eye on her.

"No, she wouldn't like it," Mr. Wood replied. "Some day Ingrid's going to start swimming and never come back."

There were at the time no outward indications as to the strange and twisted fate that lay in store for Ingrid just around the next corner of her life. She appeared to be happily married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, a prominent Beverly Hills neuro-surgeon, and she was at the height of her career and her powers as an actress, commanding a record fee of \$175,000 per picture and having won an Academy Award as the best actress of the year 1944 for her excellent performance in "Gaslight."

Yet there must have been, even then, deep undercurrents of discontent and unrest which were apparent to some of her closer friends and associates. For a couple of years after Sam Wood made this remark, Ingrid Bergman did in fact swim away to a point of no return.

In the Spring of 1949, Ingrid went to Italy in order to make a picture under the direction of Roberto Rossellini. The trip was to last only about three months, but—as it turned out—she never came back from it. She fell in love and had a child by Rossellini, married him after she divorced her husband, and has lived in Italy ever since. While her first picture in seven years for an American studio—"Anastasia," which she made in London for 20th Century-Fox—is now being seen here, and while she may conceivably return to Hollywood for other pictures later, it is quite inconceivable that she'll ever pick up *again* where she left off. In a very real sense, Ingrid Bergman has fulfilled Sam Wood's melancholy prophecy.

It is now known that she had asked her husband for a divorce as early as 1946, three years before she actually left him. It had also been noted that she seemed to prefer entertaining her friends on the set rather than in her home. And it was no secret that immediately prior to 1949 she was

continued on page 30

Ingrid Bergman defends

"Anyone can make a mistake. It's how a person acts after the mistake that should be judged," says Ingrid



her life!

becoming increasingly aware of a sense of artistic stagnation. "I was tired of making the same kind of pictures," she said recently. "I wanted to be in a movie about real people in a real world. But in Hollywood they all said that, when the housewife is through washing dishes, she doesn't go to the movies to see someone else washing dishes. I thought maybe they were right."

On top of it, her last two pictures, "Joan Of Arc" and "Arch Of Triumph," were both critical and box-office failures, although her earlier Broadway portrayal of Joan in Maxwell Anderson's stage play had been singled out by the Drama League of New York as the season's "most distinguished performance."

But all of these factors combined are hardly sufficient explanation for the violent climax toward which Ingrid was building with dramatic inevitability. For Ingrid was to live a story more poignant and dramatic than any of the fictional

ones she had played on either the screen or on the stage.

There is one exception to this—the story of Saint Joan. The heroic figure of the peasant girl from Domremy seems to have obsessed Ingrid as it has obsessed playwrights and novelists through the centuries from Shakespeare, Voltaire and Schiller to Bernard Shaw and Maxwell Anderson. For, aside from her portrayals of Joan on Broadway and in Hollywood, Ingrid has recently again appeared all over Europe in an operatic version of the story, "Saint Joan At The Stake," directed by Rossellini, with music by Arthur Honegger.

Is it merely accidental that she should have returned to Joan three times within the space of eight years? Or is there, perhaps, an unconscious identification of herself with Joan, the forthright, honest, warm-hearted peasant maid who died at the stake for defying church and society?

Ingrid may not be aware of any such identification, and she certainly has no illusions as to the puniness of her own



"THE NIGHT DOES STRANGE THINGS": Ingrid will soon be seen with Mel Ferrer in this Warner release. She's now in "Anastasia."

from her ordeal stronger, wiser

stature compared with the heroic one of the Maid of Orleans. but what probably draws her to Joan is her unflinching courage before a terrible fate. One word of compromise could have saved Joan from the flames. But Joan chose death rather than deny the voices she'd heard. She was willing to drink her cup to the dregs.

Ingrid, on a humbler scale, seems to possess a similar awareness of a personal fate whose dictates she must follow to the end.

How did it all start?

"I don't know where it all began," she tried to explain the other day. "Who knows where anything *really* begins?"

Ingrid was an only child whose mother died when she was two. Her father, a moderately successful photographer, passed away when she was 12. After that, she was brought up by relatives in her native Stockholm, surrounded by the conventional atmosphere of a middle-class Swedish family.

She was a self-sufficient child, outwardly cool, disciplined and controlled, but inwardly seething with intense emotions which could only find an outlet in the free play of her imagination. Very early she started acting out scenes for herself; very soon it became clear to her that the stage was to be her vocation. She achieved tremendous success in the theatre while still in her teens, and was a movie star of considerable standing throughout Europe by the time she was 20.

In 1939, she came to Hollywood, attaining during the next decade recognition as one of the world's foremost actresses, and becoming—in addition—almost a symbol of wholesomeness, calm and self-possessed common sense. But when the volcano smoldering underneath the serene appearance finally erupted, it did so with such violence that it stunned the entire world.

The volcano always was there, of course. No great artist can just conjure up emotions from the brain or through mechanical means. Without that inner turmoil, no artist can generate the drive, tension and forcefulness necessary for creative achievement. In Ingrid's case, she'd merely held a tight rein on her emotionalism for many years, permitting it to show only in her art.

In retrospect, her marriage to Peter Lindstrom appears to be one example of how she deliberately tried to keep these forces in check.

THE young medical student whom Ingrid married when she was 20 obviously was a very different person from herself. She probably was in love with him, but chances are that she also selected him instinctively for her mate because he could give her the stability she needed. Peter Lindstrom was an anchor for her.

But the very qualities which originally attracted her—his steadiness, lack of emotionalism, soberness and conservatism—unavoidably began to pall on her at length. Ingrid, the artist, and Dr. Lindstrom, the surgeon, were too different from each other to remain truly happy together. Ingrid needed a certain amount of extravagance. She needed more than a rock of Gibraltar; more than just affection; more even than fame, security and wealth. She longed to be fully alive again. to love and be loved, to laugh and cry, to rejoice—and, if necessary, even to suffer.

Perhaps the crisis wouldn't have been quite so shattering if they had lived anywhere but in the tinsel atmosphere of Hollywood. "It's not that I disliked Hollywood," she said recently. "I don't. It gave me a wonderful career and lots of money, and I'm grateful. But it was so *dull*! I often got so

continued on page 63



HER FILM career booming once more, Ingrid explains, "It never entered my head I'd encounter such bitterness and that I'd lose Pia."

"MY DECISION was a selfish one. I put my happiness first," candidly confesses Ingrid, here being assisted by director Jean Renoir.





A SERIOUS young actor who's had stage and TV success, Don is more concerned with doing a good job than in getting a lot of hoopla.

Have you met Don Murray?

He blustered his way into such prominence in "Bus Stop" that Hollywood suddenly realized it had a shiny new star in its midst

By JACK HOLLAND

DON MURRAY is a guy who is full of surprises. Perhaps the biggest one is that he took away a lot of the thunder from MM in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Bus Stop." Few stars have been given such a fanfare return to movies after a short absence as has Marilyn so attention was veted on her and her new role as actress, but Don, a newcomer, roared and blustered his way into such prominence as the cowboy that you were actually inclined to forget The Wiggle at times.

The other surprise is the kid himself.

To begin with, you'd expect him to follow the usual pattern and be all starry-eyed about his sudden success in pictures. You'd think he'd be floating on some high-numbered clouds and giving out with the usual ecstatic platitudes. But not this Murray.

"Whatever success I may have been lucky enough to get in pictures so far hasn't thrown me," the mild-mannered but serious young star said on the set of his new picture for Techt-Lancaster, "Bachelor Party." "This is no sudden success for me because I'd had some good breaks in New York on the stage and on TV. There is a place on the eastern side of these Hollywood mountains, you know. Besides, success isn't so important to me. All that matters is that I do a good job. I'm far more concerned about being proud of my work than I am in getting a lot of hoopla.

"Naturally, I'm glad my job turned out okay in 'Bus Stop.' When I was making it I felt as though it was going to be all right and half way through the picture everyone sensed we had something good going. I was, nevertheless, very anxious to see it—and I was proud to be a part of it. I don't think I'd do anything different in my performance if I had the chance to do it over again."

Don made no point at all of the fact that he won the part over about 30 contenders. Josh Logan, the director, had seen him on Broadway in "The Skin Of Our Teeth" and tested him. Five days later Don was set.

Because of his many successes in TV and on the stage in such shows as "The Rose Tattoo," Don was never panting

AS THEY chat between scenes of "Bus Stop," there's no sign of the terrific competition Don was giving MM for the film's acting honors.



continued on page 35

DON MURRAY continued

Although he always wanted to be an actor

UNLIKE the cowpoke he played in "Bus Stop," Don waited eight months for wife Hope Lange to say yes to his proposal.



film stardom wasn't Don's goal

breathlessly to be a Movie Star. He had not aimed his sights in this direction.

"I'd been offered contracts since I was 19," he said, "especially after 'The Rose Tattoo' opened on Broadway. But they were all too confining so I turned them down. Now my deal with 20th allows me time to do stage work and to make only two pictures a year. It is especially pleasant too, since my wife, Hope Lange, is also with the studio."

Hope was in "Bus Stop" but she didn't get her part as the result of Don's break. She had been brought out to Hollywood to do a TV show, the studio saw her work in the show, and signed her without even knowing she was about to become Mrs. Don Murray.

Don and Hope had been going together for about five years—"off and on," as Don put it. Considering all the facts pertaining to their courtship, this is a mammoth understatement.

Don met Hope while she was still in high school back East. It was on a double date, only he was dating someone else. This is where you'd expect to hear that the two of them clicked right off the bat, forgot their other dates, and fell madly in love. Such was not the case.

"I wasn't interested in her and she wasn't in me on that first meeting," Don went on. "I thought she was too young. But two weeks later I saw her again and reacted in a much different way. It's amazing how much a person can mature in two weeks," he laughed.

He asked her to come to see him in "The Rose Tattoo," which she did, and after the show they went out. Don suddenly found himself faced with some most surprising emotions.

"I was so impressed with her intelligence and her very real goodness," Don said in his sincere way. "I was convinced I wanted to marry her but I didn't say anything at the time."

"Shortly after this I went on the road with 'The Rose Tattoo' and Hope and I got together when I returned—but only for a short time. It was now 1953 and I went to Europe, as a conscientious objector, to serve two and a half years in war relief work as a social worker. I stayed with both German and Italian families and lived, by choice, with no money."

Don, incidentally, was only set for two years' service but he stayed on an extra six months because he felt his job wasn't completely done.

IT WAS here I learned about human beings and about human sufferings," he said with deep feeling. "I think I also gained what sense of values I have. At least, what I learned taught me not to be terribly impressed by success or by material things. I saw so many people in those camps who had once been very wealthy, some who had been royalty. And I saw them reduced to such terrible poverty that I learned there was no security in riches or success. Security comes from within—from a deep faith, which I think I've had since I was a child."

All the time Don was in Europe he wrote to Hope regularly. For the first year she didn't answer, but he kept right on writing. Not once did he ever say, "Why don't I hear from you?" Finally, in the last year of his stay abroad, she began to write—and she met him at the boat when he docked in New York.

Three months after his return he asked her to marry him, but she didn't accept right away. In fact, for eight months she debated the issue.

"I'm convinced that man's fatal mistake is to propose," Don grinned. "It's better just to wait until you get married. The minute you ask a girl to marry you she becomes fright-



THIS has been Don's big year: success (and with it, interviews), marriage and soon, fatherhood. He's now making "Bachelor Party."

ened and feels like running away. During those eight months I didn't pressure Hope or ask her to marry me. I just waited.

"We finally were engaged—and then we both were cast in a play called 'Hot Corner.' After a while we set the wedding date, but 'Bus Stop' came up and canceled out the plans."

"Once we were in Hollywood we started making arrangements again. We wanted to be married back in New York in a church ceremony with our families, but I found I couldn't function too well without Hope so we were married in a civil ceremony. We later went back East for another marriage service in the church."

Don belongs, incidentally, to the Church of the Brethren which is a denomination on the order of the Quakers. He takes his faith seriously too and doesn't smoke, seldom drinks, although he doesn't object if others indulge in both. He does have in his contract, though, the right to refuse to endorse liquor or tobacco ads.

He and Hope are now expecting a baby in March. She has to make "Jesse James" for 20th and then will do no more pictures until after the birth of the child. Both want three or four children since they love youngsters and come from fairly good-sized families. Don has a brother and a sister and Hope has three sisters and a brother.

They live with no elegance or luxury in an apartment in Hollywood. Their success hasn't induced them to start throwing money around. In fact, the only thing they have of value is a car which they bought to get back and forth to work.

"About the only thing I want is a sailboat," Don said. "I

continued on page 36

DON MURRAY continued

Don and Hope's Hollywood apartment is quite modest by movietown standards—but they do have fun

used to have a boat and I was a pretty good sailor. But I like most sports anyway—football most of all. I didn't play it much in school, though, because I was too small. I was the shortest guy in my class during my high school days. Then when I was sixteen I started to shoot up. If anyone had told me I'd be six-feet-two and weigh 180 pounds I'd have thought he was crazy."

Of his schooling, Don said simply, "I was in the upper third of my class, but I paid no attention to school work. It was just a place to have fun in as far as I was concerned. I got into the ordinary amount of trouble there, but there were two things I'd never do—lie or steal. My parents drilled that into me good."

Hope is interested in many of the things Don is. She does read more than he, but both share the same interest in music. Don has quite a collection of German, Italian, and modern Russian records that cannot be bought here.

"There's only one thing wrong," he smiled. "We have no machine to play them on yet."

"Hope and I are unlike in some respects—and this is an advantage. I talk a lot and she's a good listener. She's a good cook and I can't do much more than boil water. In fact, I don't believe a man should cook—that's a woman's job. If I'm not working, however, I do help with the dishes."

"As far as any personal characteristics are concerned, I suppose I have a temper but I don't blow up. I think I keep it under control. I can let go when the occasion calls for it but what kind of an actor would I be if I didn't blow off steam once in a while?"

"Hope and I are very emotional. We laugh and cry heartily at movies. We went to see Jimmy Dean in 'East Of Eden' and we were the last to leave the theatre when the lights went up. We just sat there wiping away the tears. I'm also moved by children. I love to be around them and I have far

GAIETY is the prevalent mood at the Don Murrays'. Don met Hope while she was still in high school, courted her for over five years





MODELING snappy chapeau, Don has Hope in stitches. The Murrays are looking forward to the arrival of an heir come next March.

more patience with them than with people of my own age.

"I'm not patient about other things, though, especially when something goes wrong with my car. I really get mad then. I just have no mechanical mind, although I do try to fix things. If they don't work out, though, I get pretty upset.

"I may be short in the fix-it department, but I'm a good builder. I worked as a stone mason in Germany, in fact."

THAT'S only one of the many jobs Don has had. In his short life he has been a waiter, laborer, caddy, bus boy, newspaper salesman (he even put out his own newspaper with his brother when they were kids), clam digger, fisherman, English teacher and sports coach in Europe.

"Perhaps the biggest difference between Hope and me," Don continued, "is that I'm the contemplative type where she is quite impulsive. I think about a thing so long before taking any action that by the time I get around to doing something about it, it's too late."

Don Patrick Murray came by his talent naturally. Born in Hollywood in 1929, his parents were Dennis Murray, dance director who once worked for 20th Century-Fox and is now stage manager in New York for "The Pajama Game," and Ethel Cook, former Ziegfeld girl. Don was taken to New York early in his life.

He had always wanted to be an actor, so after he finished high school he went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. His parents helped him through school, but he had to earn his own living so he worked as an usher at CBS and played some professional basketball. There were still many rough moments for him—financially speaking.

"I can recall one period when my roommate and I were so broke we would invite people to our apartment for a party and tell them to bring their own beer and pretzels," Don commented. "We ate the pretzels the next day."

It was at the Academy that Don met Paton Price, a teacher at the school, who was instrumental in getting Don his first professional engagement in a stock company. Price was the director of the show. He has remained with Don as his coach—and is now working with Hope too.

"He, more than any other single person, is responsible for what success I have had," Don stated firmly. "Meeting him was my biggest break."

Don's first big part was in "The Rose Tattoo." One day he met an actor friend who told him readings were being held for the show. Don auditioned and got the part over many contestants. The same bit of luck held true when he returned from Europe and three days later read for "Skin Of Our Teeth." He also got that part.

"I did TV work too as a dancer before I started getting some good parts on television," Don added. "My father taught me how to dance. I did mainly tap, soft shoe, and interpretative work."

Soon he was active on TV as an actor, having appeared on Studio One, Philco, Robert Montgomery Presents, Kraft, and others. In fact, he was one of the leading young television stars in town.

Don had to go back to the set of "Bachelor Party," which is a Paddy Chayefsky TV play transferred to the movies. He was playing a bookkeeper whose wife was expecting a baby. This role should be easy for him to do. **END**

AUDREY HEPBURN

Pixie in Paris

SMILING trio on the Eiffel Tower (left) consists of Audrey, Fred Astaire and Kay Thompson, stars of Paramount's "Funny Face."

AUDREY is at her pixie-ish best in this candid photo. In movie, she portrays a bookworm turned model by a high fashion magazine.



In her first musical, "Funny Face," Audrey has Fred Astaire, Gershwin songs and the Eiffel Tower lending support





CHATTING with co-worker during a break in shooting, Audrey is all earnestness. Astaire plays photographer who "discovers" her.
continued on page 41

AUDREY HEPBURN continued

In the colorful streets of Paris, the stars of "Funny Face" enjoyed a Roman holiday



WAITING for cue to begin dance rehearsal, Audrey seems to be straining at the leash. Audrey began her career as a chorus girl.

STRUTTING along base of the Eiffel Tower, Fred Astaire strikes a familiar stance, one that would easily be recognized anywhere.



SIGNING an autograph, Audrey finds that Fred Astaire's back is an excellent prop to lean on. Fred acts his usual debonair, gallant self.





STROLLING along the streets of Paris, Audrey appears enchanted by the sights, sounds and smells. Bet she enchanted Paris, too. **END**



THE AUTHOR of this article, Jackie Collins, is five years younger than her sister, with whom she lives.

My Sister, Joan Collins

By JACKIE COLLINS

"The Joan I know is not exactly a wallflower. She's outspoken, uninhibited and quite a dare"



NICE WORK? Joan and co-star Richard Burton look plenty harassed during the filming of Twentieth Century-Fox's war drama, "Seawife."

I MUST have been the only 11-year-old girl in Dinard, on the north shore of France, who was tired of ice cream. My 16-year-old sister, Joan, was responsible for it. To be specific—Joan and a young ice cream vendor, her first "real" love.

We'd gone to the French resort on a holiday. On the fourth or fifth morning, we were lying on the beach when Joan suddenly reached into her purse, pulled out a franc, and jumped to her feet.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To get some ice cream."

"We just had breakfast!" I reminded her.

She walked up to the little cart anyway. I quickly saw why: the vendor was about 17 or 18, tall for his age, dark, freckle-faced, and awfully cute. He was also French. Joan fell for him, as you say in America, hook, line, and sinker.

Two weeks later, having invested all of her allowance, and mine, in ice cream, she had learned two lessons: too much ice cream can lead to a stomach ache; and it's better to let a boy chase a girl than vice versa. All her efforts hadn't even gotten her a date. After that, she let the men do the chasing. And did they!

Back in London, her newly discovered interest in boys, and more so, theirs in her, plus her freshly found interest in jazz

continued on page 44



A BIKINI suit helps
Joan catch sunshine
on "Seawife" locale.

At sea on a rubber raft and wearing the



STORY of "Seawife" concerns four survivors of torpedoed boat in 1942. Only one of the three men on raft knows that Joan's a nun.

music combined with her capacity for always having a good time and the ability to make others have a good time, too, made our home just about the liveliest residence in London's West End.

Joan was 17 when she was accepted by RADA, the Royal Academy of Drama and Arts. In addition to lessons and performances at the London studio, vacation time was the time when most of the students received the most valuable of training—experience in repertory. They did this on their own, and for these weeks stayed in different people's homes, referred to as "digs." Although Joan was one of the youngest girls in the group, my parents never worried about her because she could always take care of herself.

However, her association with her new crop of friends brought about one decided change: Joan suddenly became very, very sophisticated.

One day which I remember in particular, she dressed for a date in a tight fitting, black evening dress, high-heeled shoes which laced up almost to her knees, and long shiny earrings—a femme fatale if I'd ever seen one. At least, that's what she wanted to be.

Being five years younger, I was very much impressed. But my parents literally cringed when they saw her, yet they didn't say anything. An adverse remark, they feared, would only put my sister on the defensive, and Joan could be pretty stubborn. However, they were reduced to quiet laughter when Joan re-



WATER supply becomes a source of contention between the men but Joan is able to control all of them with her indefinable goodness.

BETWEEN actual scenes, Joan freshens up a bit. "Seawife" was shot in Jamaica though its real locale was the Southwest Pacific.



most unlikely attire, Joan still manages to look the most appealing



LISTENING intently to director Bob McNaught, Joan presents a picture of concentration. Joan studied her craft at London's Royal Academy.

fused to sit down for dinner, for fear of ripping her dress!

Before long Joan changed to a more conservative attire of her own accord. However, my parents weren't as agreeable when I tried to inherit her outfit. "At 14, really!" mother exclaimed in answer to my request.

Joan and I always got along famously, except when she insisted on certain prerogatives because she was older, and I was equally determined to have the same privileges, regardless of our difference in age. This would cause Joan to get very angry and lose her temper. However, she has learned to control her feelings to a degree I would have never held possible.

I think many people have been fooled by Joan's ability to control her emotions. As a matter of fact, after being in America for just a few weeks, I'm amazed at the wrong impression people have of her. From what I've heard and read, they seem to feel that all the glamour, the sexiness, the vampishness and what have you is simply the figment of publicists' imaginations, to help sell her pictures; that in real

life she is shy, demure, reserved, and—to quote one writer—"about as exciting as applesauce."

Whoever said that must have been misled by Joan's reluctance to discuss certain aspects of her life. The Joan I know is not exactly the wallflower type of girl. My sister is outspoken, completely uninhibited, and always a lot of fun to be with.

She is not a practical joker. She's never rung doorbells and run away before any one answered, never pulled chairs away from a person about to sit down, never called someone on the phone and told him to close the door because "it's drafty." But she is vivacious, and relaxed, and can hold her own in any group of people. She is also quite a dare.

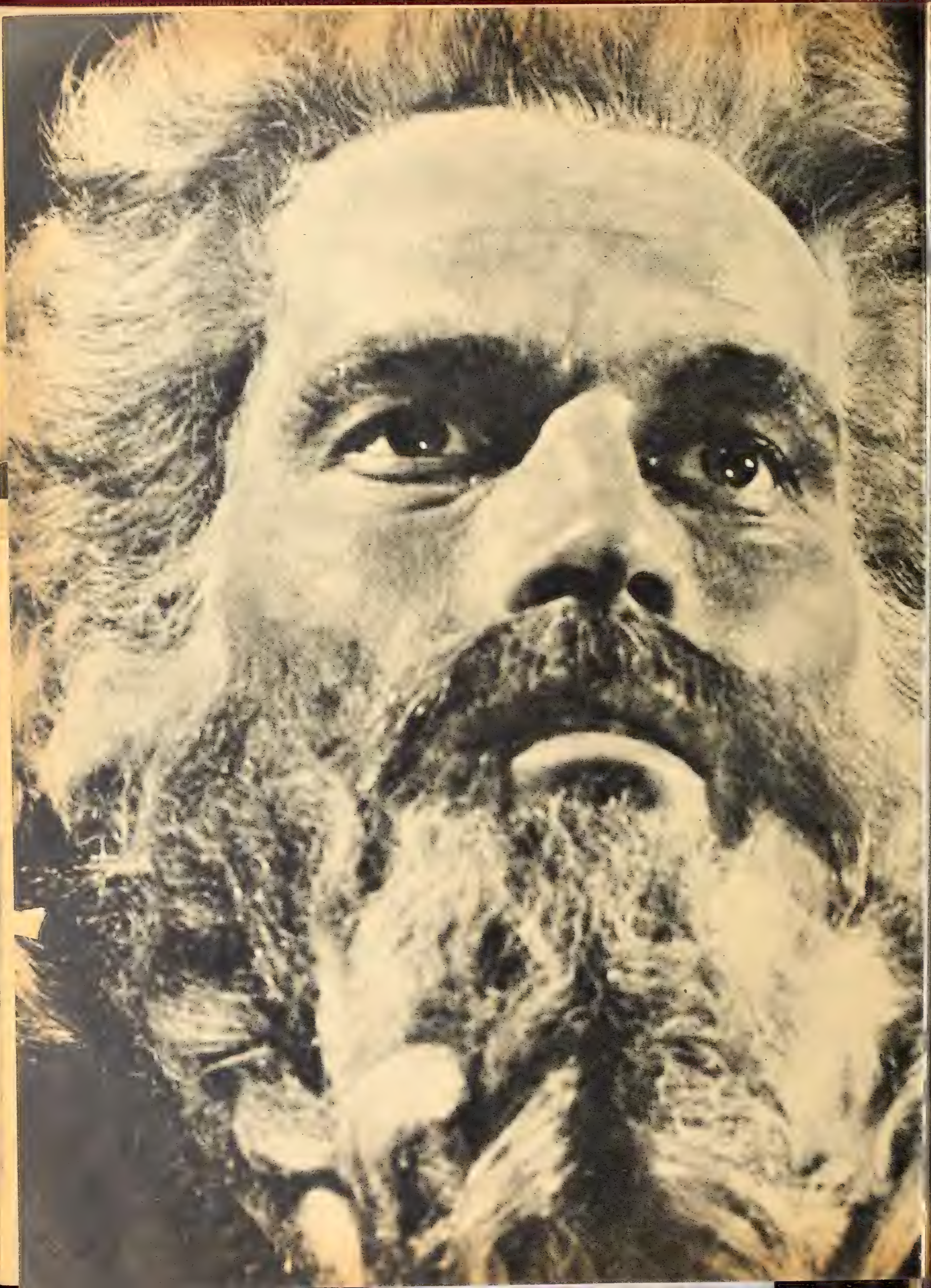
The last time we went to Harry Green's Club in London, her date asked for her favorite song.

"Blue Moon," my sister told him.

"Why don't you sing it?" I suggested.

Her date gasped. "Here?" He seemed quite disturbed.

continued on page 64



Poppa's in the movies

Little Fraser Heston would never recognize his old man what with all that make-up for "Moses"



BEARDLESS Chuck Heston reads son Fraser script of "The Ten Commandments" in which Chuck has top role of Moses (opposite page). **END**

Mrs. Fisher, Mother



HER protectiveness asserts itself most often with her friends, but she has taken others under her wing, too.

By PEGGY KING



USED to responsibilities, Debbie took complete charge of running their home when she wed Eddie.

Debbie's got a maternal instinct for people that is all-embracing—a perfect quality for motherhood

EDDIE was about to take his last bow in front of the television cameras when Debbie whispered to me, "Let's pick him up and carry him off stage."

"Before the show's over?" I gasped.

"Right now!"

We grabbed each other's wrists to form a chair, flanked Eddie on either side, swooped him up, and to the howling delight of the audience carried him off stage just as the band went into their theme song.

"That's a fine way for a mother-to-be to act," Eddie grinned.

It was quite obvious that he enjoyed her little joke. To me, it proved once again that Debbie has changed very little since I first met her at MGM almost five years ago.

I don't mean to imply that Debbie always acts like a gigglish, hair-brained teen-ager who has never grown up. She simply loves to have fun, and have others share in her laughter—an ability that will make her appear young at 85!

This trait is doubly remarkable because it contrasts so sharply with a maturity which makes me, two years her senior, call her "Mother Hen Fisher." In a way it was her concern for others that brought us together.

We met for the first time when I reported to Willy Covan for my dancing lessons. Debbie had just finished hers. Getting ready to leave she noticed that I was having trouble with my ballet slippers, or what was left of them.

"Looks like they're all chewed up," she com-

mented, smiling in her warm friendly way.

"They are, darn it," I replied unhappily.

"Denzil must have done it . . ."

"Denzil? Who's Denzil?"

"My dachshund," I explained. "Oh, well, I'll start my dancing lessons tomorrow . . ."

"Oh, no, you don't. Here. Take mine. There's no point in wasting time . . ."

That's what I mean about "Mother Hen."

We didn't run into one another again till my 21st birthday, for which I had planned a little party and invited most of the kids I knew pretty well—Barbara Ruick, Kay Brown, and a few others including Bobby Van, who was then in a picture with Debbie.

That particular afternoon, I walked over to the stage where Bobby was rehearsing a scene with her, to let him know what time the party was supposed to start. Debbie happened to overhear us.

"Party?" she cried out, her face all aglow. "Who's giving a party?"

Somewhat embarrassed, I explained, "I would have asked you too, but how could I expect you to come any more than Lana Turner . . ."

Debbie was near hysterics with laughter. When she calmed down she wanted to know where the party was going to be, then promised to be there. She also brought a sweet little gift with a rather original note: "Best wishes for a happy birthday. From your old mother, Lana Turner."

Thereafter we became such good friends that I borrowed everything from her slippers to her

continued on page 50



UNLIKE most actresses, Debbie's generous with her career. Even coached her best friend who was being considered for the same role as she.

Always teasing, always joking, always taking life as it comes, yet

parents. With my family back in Ohio, nearly 3,000 miles away, I grew quite lonesome at times. Realizing this, Debbie regularly invited me to her house—once I stayed over three months—and included me in her family life to the point where I called her wonderful parents “Mom” and “Pop,” just like my own folks back in Ravenna.

From the very beginning, it was obvious to me that Debbie would never have a star complex, no matter how well she would do, careerwise. And no one agreed more heartily than my parents, whom I introduced to Debbie a couple of years ago when we did a play together in Dallas, Texas. Mom's parting words to me were, “If you meet three people like Debbie in your life, you are fortunate . . .”

OF DEBBIE'S many wonderful traits, none is more pronounced than her generosity. Few people know to what extent she goes, because Debbie never talks about it. Like the money she loaned me when I was stone broke, and the manner in which she made it impossible for me to refuse or even thank her.

Before I had a chance to tell her of my predicament, Debbie looked at me questioningly. “What's wrong, Peggy?”

Suddenly I lost my nerve. “Nothing, nothing at all,” I lied.

“You know something?” she replied, talking more to herself than to me. “For the last two years I've been trying to save money, yet I always spend more than I should. How about letting me give you a hundred dollars, and just forget about it for the next few months. You do with it whatever you want just as long as you don't give it back to me till I really need it. That'll be like a forced savings plan, except that I don't have to go to the bank.”

Taking her check was almost like doing her a favor!

Debbie has been just as generous with the one thing in which most actresses won't give an inch: her career.

A few months after we first met, both of us were up for the same role in a circus picture called “Jumbo.” I don't think there was ever a part, before or since, on which her heart was more set than on this one. She had been instrumental in making MGM get the property in the first place, and talked about it at every interview, every party, everywhere.

Debbie and I lunched together a couple of hours after I was informed that I was considered for the same role. The prospect of telling her about it made me feel quite uneasy. When I did, her reaction describes Debbie better than a hundred adjectives.

“That's wonderful,” she cried out. And after she thought



A SOFTIE at heart, she never forgets a birthday, anniversary or special event. You'll see her soon in "Tammy" and "Bundle Of Joy."

Debbie has a heart and warmth and tenderness that's hard to match

about it a few seconds, "They're liable to test you for it any day now. I have more experience in camera angles than you. Come over to my house tonight and we'll go through the scenes together . . ."

FOR ONE whole week, Debbie taught me all she knew—to give me a better chance to get the part she had wanted for so long! In the end, the studio dropped the whole project, which neither of us could have anticipated at the time.

However, Debbie's concern never meant more to me than in Korea and Japan during the winter of 1952. I had caught a bad case of the flu, which threatened to develop into pneumonia and the doctor ordered me to the hospital. I didn't want to go.

"I'm afraid you have no choice," he insisted. "You need constant attention and there's no nurse to look after you here."

"Oh, yes there is," Debbie cut in.

"You?" the doctor called out disbelievingly. "I thought you were leaving for the States tonight?"

"I leave when Peggy can travel."

As much as I wanted her to stay, I knew that she was supposed to get back to start a new picture. Remaining with me in the Far East might cost her a good role, and no actress

can afford that. "I'll go to the hospital," I told the doctor.

Debbie overruled me. "Oh, no, you don't and I don't want an argument out of you!"

For seven days and nights she never left my side. She fed me, took my temperature, read to me, and when the doctor gave me permission to travel, packed my bags. I've never been more grateful to anyone.

In all honesty, I have to admit that along with her protective attitude, Debbie has all the domineering qualities of a person who is used to taking over responsibilities. Since she means well, and does well, no one minds. Her friends happily agree to let her arrange parties. Eddie doesn't object that she runs the house completely on her own, and leaves it up to her to find a new home after their present lease expires. (The house they now live in proved far too big and too hard to take care of.) And I couldn't be more grateful—because her bossiness saved my career.

One of my biggest problems has always been my weight. More correctly—overweight. I love to eat.

Debbie, who seldom approaches a subject gently, brought this to my attention one evening when she exclaimed, "Peggy, you're too fat."

Coming from anyone else but Debbie, this might have been

continued on page 74



ONCE a light-hearted guy, Tab's now a taut, earnest young man.

TAB HUNTER SAYS:

"Do I worry? Do I ever!"

But now Tab's beginning to have doubts about the wisdom of it all and says, "Maybe I better start worrying about worrying too much!"

By DICK PINE

AN OLD friend of Tab Hunter spotted him crossing the Warner Bros. lot. "Hi, Tab . . . what's new . . . ?" he began and then broke off with, "Say, you don't look so well. Anything wrong?"

Tab brushed his hand across his brow and, seeming to focus for the first time, came back with, "No . . . nothing really wrong. Just worried, I guess!"

"You—worried? What've you got to be worried about? A guy like you with a career in high gear, everything coming your way. Don't be funny!"

Afterward Tab told me, "It's not funny. I *do* worry. Despite the fact that it doesn't show outwardly. I never seem to stop. I worry about practically everything. . . ."

Tab has changed a lot in the past five years, since he got his first break in pictures. He felt then that his start was just a lucky thing which had happened to him without his having made much of an effort to bring it about. He took things easily and was content to wait for another lucky break to come along. He was wide-eyed, carefree, and no one could imagine him having a problem in the world. Life was just a



DATES are the one thing Tab never worries about because he only goes out with girls he knows well, like co-star Natalie Wood.

ball for Hunter. It seemed nothing could ever bother him.

It is difficult these days to remember that light-hearted guy when you see the taut, earnest young man he has become.

"The trouble was," Tab says now, quite frankly, "that I was content just to roll along without giving much thought to my development as an actor. I was pretty green when I did my first few pictures, but I didn't realize *how* green. . . . After Warner Bros. put me under contract, I began to worry about my first picture for them, 'The Sea Chase.' We had a long stay in Hawaii on location, and I was never so lonely or depressed in my whole life. When the picture was completed and I saw the finished product, I kept asking myself, 'Where did my part *go*?' I realized that I would never get anywhere doing things like that. Things would have to be different, and no one could make them different except me."

The result of his trying to "make things different" was that he went 15 months without working at all! If only they would give him a part . . . any kind of a part . . . or let him do some TV. That was a *real* worry. Tab has emerged from these doldrums now with two pictures, "The Burning Hills"

continued on page 54

TAB HUNTER continued



"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND": In his latest film, Tab's a young inductee who gives the Army a hard time making him into a soldier.

Tab is by way of becoming a perfectionist about some things and

SAD FAREWELL is bid Tab by Ernestine Wade in Warner film. Tab's willing to take advice but frets, "How do you know who's right?"



and "The Girl He Left Behind." "C'est La Guerre" will follow.

The last time I saw him he was worried about being late for our appointment. He had found himself low on gas after he started for the studio and had stopped to fill his tank.

"I hate being late for anything," he said, frowning. "That's a new thing with me. I never gave it much thought before, but now I have a little book . . . 'for appointments.' . . . I keep track of every appointment and I'm really conscientious about it." This isn't any pose, "the new Hunter," or anything like that. It's just that the way he feels about a lot of things has changed and this business of being punctual and dependable is part of his maturing. "I must say I worry," he stated, "if I start the day out late, because I usually never get caught up and the whole day goes haywire."

However, Tab's career is still his most important worry. "I worry because I am always self-conscious with other people in the picture business," he said carefully. "I don't know exactly why, unless it is that I subconsciously wonder whether they think that I really belong here at all!" All this has spilled over, of late, into a new sensitivity about what other people think about him. Tab is truly coming of age now and



ANXIOUS to succeed, Tab constantly worries about what people think of him as an actor. "Perhaps I try too hard to be perfect," he wonders.

that leads to further problems

is beginning to be conscious of himself as a maturing person. He feels that he hasn't yet been given a chance to show what he can do.

He was recently the guest of an actress at a showing of a picture on her home lot, a studio Tab hadn't visited before.

"There were all these picture people—producers, actors, directors, etc.—complimenting each other. Directing my remark to a small group of actors, I suddenly said to the girl I was with, 'Do you think they think *we're* as phony as we think *they* are? I sure hope not.' And she burst out laughing and said she had just been wondering the same thing.

"You do worry in this business about what other people think of you, as an actor and as a person. How do you gain the respect of the people in this business who are in a position to give you the good opportunities to improve? What *they* think can mean life or death to you, success or failure. No wonder we worry! How can I prove myself to my bosses, and still more terrible is the question you sometimes ask yourself, 'When the opportunity comes along, will I be ready to take advantage of it?'"

Tab is by way of becoming a perfectionist about some

continued on page 68



WITH Natalie Wood in "The Girl He Left Behind." Another bugaboo that plagues Tab is whether he talks too much or doesn't say enough.

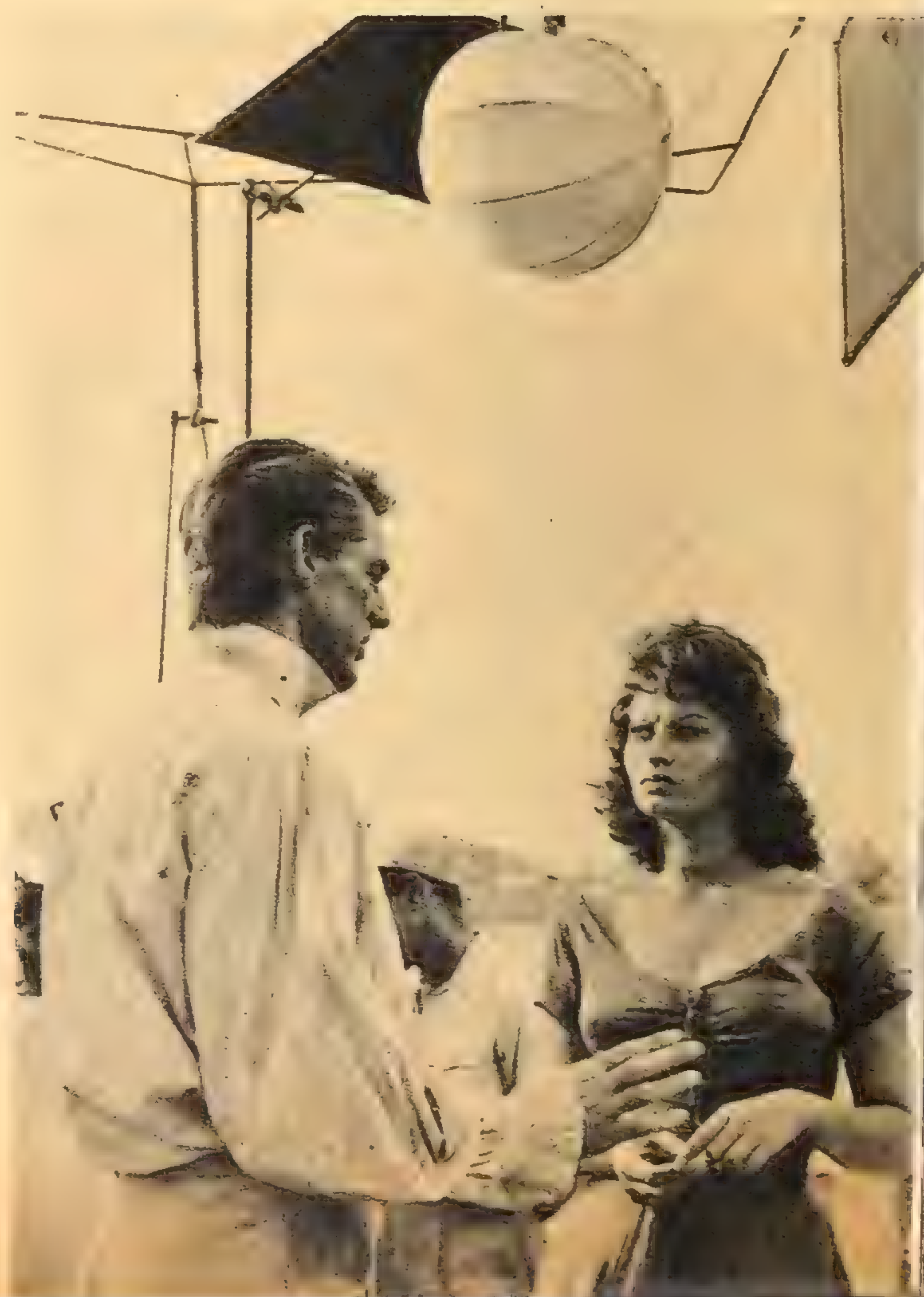
first, there was SILVANA
then came GINA
now it's SOPHIA

Tall, tantalizing and *tanto bella*
—in every language they
need new words to describe
Loren la Magnifica, Rome's
honey-haired symbol for TNT



CHARMS that made Sophia the biggest box-office draw in Europe will soon enliven the U.A. release, "The Pride And The Passion."

SERIOUS about her career, 22-year-old Sophia listens to co-star Cary Grant on location in Spain for the Stanley Kramer production.





ONLY A TOY dog could ignore sultry Sophia, whose honey eyes match her hair. She won a beauty contest at 16, bowed in pictures at 18.

continued on page 58

SOPHIA LOREN continued

**One of the modern
wonders of Rome, sultry
Sophia will soon dazzle
American audiences**

EATING, which she enjoys, doesn't
seem to affect Sophia's classic lines.



LOOK, famous in Italy through Sophia's 21 films, stirs trouble between Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra in "The Pride And The Passion."



JANET BLAIR:

They love her in Pittsburgh

(because it's so near Altoona)

The welcome mat has always been out for Janet there but now it covers the whole USA



WHEN the doorbell rings at Penthouse B in a house near the East River a couple of silver-grey miniature Schnauzers come tearing into the gaily wallpapered foyer and nearly divest you of your coat. They leave your arms intact because Sammy and Buddy (that's what they call themselves) are barking dogs of the wouldn't hurt a flea variety.

"No Sammy! No Buddy! Hush!" Janet Blair calls after them. But she smiles when she says it and *they* know.

"We used to have a dog who died," she explains. "His name was Max. And Nicky (that's Nicky Mayo, Janet's husband) was very stern with him. 'Up Max! Down Max! Get off the ceiling Max!' Nicky wouldn't stand for any nonsense. But you know, Max wasn't any fun.

"Now *these* dogs—this morning when they heard me turn over in bed they flew in. All you have to do is turn over and they hear it. 'My, these cats are real playful today,' I said to myself. Then I walked into the living room. You see these carnations (they were in a vase on a marble-topped coffee table). Last night they were a huge bouquet. This morning they were scattered over the rug—all torn up into a million pieces. And there those two stood wiggling their fannies. My, they were proud of themselves. Aren't we the cute ones, they were thinking."

Sammy and Buddy nibbled on a couple of cashew nuts. Then settled themselves on a small grey sofa (not a dog sofa, a people sofa, but dogs are democratic).

"They can't sit on this sofa," Janet said, patting the sofa she was sitting on which was long, black and modern.

"This was the first apartment we looked at when we came to New York. That was two years ago. I was terrified at the thought of living in New York. But the theatre is here and Nicky and I are both dedicated to the theatre so we had to be here. If I'd been trapped between four walls I would have died. But we have this huge terrace that goes all around the place. We had no idea what a seed was but we planted the whole thing. The roses were beautiful this year. And we have trees—only one of each but we've got 'em. Willow, cherry, apple. We have grapes, too. It was a big hobby for quite

AS THE partner of Sid Caesar, Janet no longer will be deprived of the acclaim she deserves.

continued on page 60

some time. But boom you get busy and you have to give it up. Nicky built a high fence with a door in it in the section that's around the corner. We call it the 'Back Nine'—it's for the boys (Sammy and Buddy)."

The rest of the terrace, which opens out from the living room is at least 60 feet long, bordered with the aforementioned garden and a picket fence. A barbecue rests against one wall with a glass-topped iron table and chairs in front of it. Scattered around are comfortable lounges.

"We live out there eight months of the year," Janet said. "The summer before last Nicky bought a huge, plastic pool. Really, it was a monstrosity. Tremendous. Nicky insisted we set it up and fill it with water. It takes eight hours to fill it with water, but we did. Well, it is big all right, but it isn't deep. If you sit in it the water comes to your waist.

"One night we had friends over for dinner. They came in and we called to them to come out to the terrace. We were sipping cocktails—in the pool, in our bathing suits. So they joined us. After I lent them a couple of suits."

The living room, where the Mayos do their relaxing the other four months, is spacious and high-ceilinged. The wall-to-wall carpeting is light grey. There's a little white piano, with bookshelves above it, tucked in the far corner next to the terrace door. At the opposite end of the room is a black brick fireplace (it burns) backed by a smoked mirror. Next to the fireplace is a desk piled with papers and two phones—"They ring all day long but I don't have a secretary," Janet says. "I couldn't stand having someone underfoot all the time."

When the phones rang—as they did continuously—Janet jumped up to answer.

One of the phone callers was Janet's costume designer who seemed to be having a problem thinking up a new design. Janet's tone was crisp and businesslike when she described what she wanted. "Have fun, draw something," she said cheerfully, hanging up.

ON THE other phone was husband Nicky who just wanted to know how things were going. "I love you, too," she told him. "Poor Nicky," she said, sitting down again. "He had to get up at six o'clock this morning to do some recording on the streets or something. What a deal.

"This whole year has been incredible to me. So busy. I made a movie with Red Skelton, RKO's 'Public Pigeon Number One.' Was on the Ford Theatre, did some spectaculars, played 'One Touch Of Venus' in Dallas, 'Annie Get Your Gun' in Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh's close to my hometown (Altoona, Pennsylvania) and they're always asking me to come out there. I always wanted to do 'Annie Get Your Gun.' I think of it as my first



"IT'S mad and wonderful working with Sid," says Janet who plays his wife on the TV show.

straight out-and-out comedy role. 'South Pacific' wasn't really a musical comedy. That was drama. The girl in it runs the gamut of emotions. But Annie—that was comedy. You know, for the first act I had my hair tucked up under an old hat and my face was smudged, no make-up. I looked in the mirror and I broke myself up. Then when I got on the stage the laughs started coming. And that feeling you get when you know you have the audience in the palm of your hand. Nothing gives me more joy and satisfaction than making people laugh. After that first night I thought—you can take the drama, this is for me. So now I'm trapped," she added with a grin.

"It's mad and wonderful working with Sid Caesar. For the first show this season I got my script on Wednesday—for the Saturday show. That is, I got one scene. The other stuff came a couple of days later. But that's the way they work it.

"I guess it'll take time for the writers to get really used to my timing and my kind of approach and personality. Sometimes the pressure's terrific, especially when they suddenly decide in rehearsal that the script's too long and you have to learn everything all over again. I try to do my very best so even if it doesn't go over I don't feel too awful about it.

"I'm a great TV fan. I don't think there's anything more relaxing than coming home, hoping to learn the phones won't ring, crawling on the couch and watching television. You can learn not only from the good shows, but from the bad ones, too. I sit there enjoying myself with one part of my brain and constantly evaluating things with the other part."

Janet's in the habit of evaluating things. Back in 1948 she evaluated that her munificent Hollywood contract was not worth the paper it was written on, simply because her roles were getting her nowhere. So she left Hollywood (she arrived there in the first place via Hal Kemp's band, for which she was vocalist, and shortly found herself playing Eileen in "My Sis-

ter Eileen." That was the only real highspot of her Hollywood career).

When she left Hollywood the Chicago Theatre offered her \$5,500 a week to headline the stage but she turned that down, too. "I simply felt the day was past," she says, "when the people would sit still for some Hollywood personality who'd favor them with a couple of songs and six dull anecdotes about who has the prettiest lawns in Beverly Hills."

Instead, Janet spent \$25,000 on costumes, special material, arrangements and everything else a nightclub act requires, and set out with the Blackburn Twins to conquer that field of show-business.

At one of the more elegant spots (New York's Waldorf) sat Rodgers and Hammerstein, who persuaded her to play the Nellie Forbush role in their road company of "South Pacific." She would have made more money staying put, but it wasn't in her. What was in her were 1,263 performances as Nellie. She travelled more than 50,000 miles in three years, never missed a performance—and met and married Nicky Mayo, the show's manager.

SHORTLY after she met Nicky, who's dark, attractive and of medium height. Janet bet him \$100 that he wouldn't dare get a crew cut. "If a man has a divine head," she told him, "there's nothing like a crew cut to show it off." It's a toss-up whether he wanted to look divine or hang on to the hundred dollars but Nicky took the dare. "He's had it ever since," Janet says, "and looks terribly attractive."

He thinks she's beautiful, too, but on that point he won't get an argument from anybody, even though Janet insists she was "the homeliest girl in Altoona, Pa. I was so homely that nobody paid any attention to me. So I decided to be the best dancer, the best singer and the best actress, even if I killed myself trying."

She also took up sports—swimming, golfing, horseback riding, to name a few—in all of which she managed to excel. But the only sport she can squeeze into her tight schedule nowadays takes place in the kitchen where, once in a while, she "dreams up a wild dinner."

"Nicky got me a huge gourmet cookbook. I could hardly lift it. And the kind of recipes in it. They'd start off, 'Take twelve olives, throw the olives away, save the peelings . . .' We sat here reading it and died laughing.

"Ethel (Janet's motherly-looking maid) does most of the cooking around here. She's my right arm and I couldn't do without her. Even so, she doesn't sleep in. She just comes over every day to clean up the mess and fix dinner. Then she leaves. When it's time to serve (eight, nine or twelve o'clock—I hate daily routines) I just set everything up on the table. It works fine."

And Janet works fine. See for yourself every Saturday night after dinner—at nine, on Channel 4.

Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 9

Lonesome Cowboy," so they put off their marriage until he finishes the picture.

Dorothy Malone is privately sorry that she refused to do "Night Passage" because the studio wouldn't give her equal billing with the two male stars, Jimmy Stewart and Audie Murphy. "I was badly advised," she reportedly confided to a friend. "I would have loved doing the picture. I won't ever make that mistake again."

I was asked to name the biggest drawing card in the entertainment field today and caused a gasp with "Cowboy Roy Rogers." Roy's gross from his personal appearances, television shows, records and merchandise tie-ups amounts to an astronomical \$4,000,000 yearly, and as Trigger sadly whinnies, "That ain't hay."

Debbie Reynolds has no more intention of retiring from pictures after the birth of her and Eddie Fisher's baby than Mamie Van Doren has of turning brunette. . . . Eddie is the town's most "expectant" father—he even learned to knit so he could knit some "soakers" for his child—"Just so he or she will have something of mine to wear."

John Derek is shopping for a television series to take up the slack in his picture work. John has gained a measure of humility in recent months. As he told me: "I had a pretty big head a couple of years ago. I thought I was going to the top. Well, I didn't. But I have another chance now and hope I don't fluff it." As for marriage to Ursula Andress, John has no immediate plans. "If we do

get married, it'll be sudden" . . . Jane Powell didn't like the pink dressing room that RKO assigned her while making "The Girl Most Likely," so they did it over in lavender at her request. Jane and Pat Nerney will buy a home in the beach town of Balboa just so Pat can indulge in his desire to have a boat. . . . And Marilyn Monroe didn't like *her* dressing suite in dear old Blighty so Sir Larry O. bought a gigantic trailer decorated mostly in red, white and blue. . . . Arlene Dahl collected two pay checks when she made "Fortune Is A Woman"—one as the star of the picture, another as the designer of the lingerie she wears in several scenes. . . . Piper Laurie bought a new home hidden in the Pacific Palisades, and it's so difficult to find that on the night she wanted to move in, she got herself lost and had to drive back to her parents' home and spend the night there. Piper's completely heart-free at the moment, having gotten Gene Nelson out of her system.

Rock Hudson will be "Ben Hur" when MGM makes the picture next year. And Leslie Nielsen, their new and exciting "heart throb" who has a number of our top glamour gals panting, will play the "menace" to old Ben. . . . Cary Grant is taking a long rest from picture-making because of the arduous schedule he had on "Pride And The Passion" . . . But Doris Day will team with Clark Gable in a modern comedy, "Teacher's Pet," as soon as she finishes "Pajama Game." Doris is the most changed gal in town,



TOGETHER with wife Sheila, Guy Madison goes to a preview of his new picture, "Reprisal."

just as bubbly and gay as she was when she first arrived here a few years ago. Whatever it was that was bothering her for so long, it isn't bothering her anymore, obviously.

Tab Hunter is happy with his career now, but unhappy about his love life—or the lack of it. He'd like to fall in love, but says he can't find the right girl. . . . Diana Dors, the blonde bombshell from Britain, ran into such rough weather with our press that RKO hired a special praise agent whose sole job is to take care of her and see that "everybody likes her." And he earns \$300 a week for this.

If Jayne Mansfield creates as much excitement as her studio bosses think she will after the release of her first big film, "The Girl Can't Help It," Sheree North may be unhappy. . . . Sheree was originally set to do that picture, but now all the steam is being turned on the buxom Jayne. Incidentally, Jayne assures me that she has no immediate marriage plans with muscleman Mickey Hargitay, "mainly because I haven't received my final divorce as yet." There hasn't been as tape-conscious a girl as this one since another Jane—Russell—raised the bosom to stardom in "The Outlaw." . . . And then there was the blonde star who introduced her psychiatrist to her husband and drawled, "This is one of the men I've been telling you about."

Deborah Kerr, who spends more time away from her husband, Tony Bartley, than she does with him, will spend more time away from him now that she's finally decided to star in "Rachel Cade" which will be filmed in the Belgian Congo. . . . Fess Parker is luckier than "Davey Crockett" ever was. Eight of his oil wells are producing. Fess still dates Marcy Rhinehart, a lovely non-professional, but he shies away from marriage-talk. . . . Ava Gardner has made definite reservations on the French liner, *Liberté*, for the second week of December and intends to spend Christmas with her family in North Carolina and pick up her divorce papers from Frank Sinatra. **END**



BIG John Wayne escorts two dolls, wife Pilar and Terry Moore, to "Lust For Life" premiere.

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Teahouse Of The August Moon

ATACHED to Army occupational forces on Okinawa, Glenn Ford is ordered to bring democracy to a small village. Armed with good intentions and interpreter, Okinawan Marlon Brando, Ford arrives and briskly checks off his list of "Things to do": Bring order out of chaos! Build school! Start industry! The natives are enchanted by this crisp efficiency. As tokens of welcome they present Ford with a quaint array of presents. One comes wrapped in a kimono. Her name is Machiko Kyo, a fragile porcelain geisha girl. In time, Ford swaps his uniform for a bathrobe, smiles benevolently when his Okinawan charges stop making sleazy souvenirs and start distilling potent potato brandy. When Ford sends in a requisition for lumber for a teahouse where the local ladies can entertain the gentlemen properly, the Army flips. Psychiatrist

Eddie Albert is rushed to the scene. He finally concludes bathrobes *are* comfortable, especially when growing sweet peas. The Army froths at the mouth. About to take drastic steps, an ultimatum from Washington saves Ford, the teahouse and Albert's sweet peas. As light as a cloud and as merry as a Japanese lantern, this is probably the year's most delightful splash of Metrocolor whimsy. (MGM.)

Giant

THIS WarnerColor drama just might prod some Texans into seceding from the United States. As seen through the eyes of Elizabeth Taylor, wealthy rancher Rock Hudson's bride, Texas is big, sprawling and brawling. A place where almost everybody had almost everything but danged if they knew what to do with it. An Easterner, Elizabeth is slow to understand the Texans and their swaggering bravado. To her, it's a place where many



SUSPENSE piles up when Doris Day finds husband Louis Jourdan is murderer in "Julie."

vast fortunes, like ranchhand James Dean's, are made not through intelligence, work or merit, but on blind, stupid luck. It's a place, Elizabeth learns from sister-in-law Mercedes McCambridge, where women often seem to be a different breed from other women. Worst of all, Elizabeth points out to her virile, thick-hided Rock, Texas is a place where some people need the sort of power that comes from pushing around a less fortunate people. Nothing, but nothing, has been overlooked to make this a magnificent and exciting enlargement of the Edna Ferber book. (Warner Bros.)

Westward Ho, The Wagons

BECAUSE Walt Disney was responsible for filming this Technicolor epic of a wagon train heading for the plush land of Oregon, you can be fairly sure the violence is not of the grisly sort. With Fess Parker coming to grips with Pawnees and Sioux, there's ample opportunity for a blood bath of violence. Instead, a series of incidents with the Indians, which is pretty much the way things happen in real life, rarely by plot, test the mettle of the pioneers. The tensest situation arises when Parker, who doubles as a doctor, tries to help the critically injured son of a Sioux chief. If Parker fails, the wagon train is doomed. . . . They went wild on Indian research in this so everything looks quite authentic. The small fry will love this. (Buena Vista.)

Julie

WHAT, you ask yourself, what good heavens, keeps Doris Day going throughout all the harrowing ordeals peppering this suspense thriller? Married to erratic concert pianist Louis Jourdan, Doris finds out too late that Jourdan, a victim of intense jealousy, killed her former husband. Fleeing their eerie eyrie,

continued on page 70



LIFE in Texas intrigues Easterner Elizabeth Taylor, rancher Rock Hudson's bride in "Giant."

Ingrid Bergman Defends Her Life!

continued from page 31

less I had to run away to New York. Like that city. It's alive."

In Hollywood, she was bored. Bored by the insularity of the people she saw and the sameness of the conversations she heard. Bored by the lack of artistic challenge for herself and by the absence of serious artistic purpose or experimentation in the industry. And she worried lest she stop growing.

"People ask me why I ran away from America," she explains today. "I didn't run away. I loved being on Broadway. If there had been another play for me, I could have stayed. But there wasn't anything. I had to look somewhere else."

It was while she was in this mood that she first became aware of Roberto Rossellini. However, his first impact—significantly—was purely artistic.

Almost as soon as U.S. troops had liberated Rome, Roberto Rossellini, then a practically unknown director, set to work making the first Italian post-war picture. Dealing with life in Rome under the German occupation, it was called "Open City" and, when it was released, hit the world like a blockbuster, making Rossellini famous. Using no professional actors, he told his story in terms of starkest realism. Here at last, Ingrid felt, was a man who did what she was groping for, a director with a vital approach to the art of movie-making.

A year later, she saw his second great picture, "Paisan." "I spent the evening with Irene Selznick," she recalls. "After I left the theatre on 45th Street I was so excited I couldn't calm down for the longest time. 'One terrific movie can be luck,' I said to Irene, 'but not two. I must do a picture with this man.' We went up to Irene's apartment and talked all late into the night until at last she got sleepy and went to bed. 'Why don't you write him a letter,' she finally suggested. I did—the next morning."

THE LETTER she wrote to Rossellini simply told him of her admiration for his work and asked him to keep her in mind whenever he needed a Swedish actress who spoke good English, a little French and the words "Io ti amo" (I love you) in Italian. That remark, meant as an innocent pleasantry, turned out to be freighted with meaning.

There followed some correspondence, a brief business meeting in Paris, and a visit by Rossellini to Hollywood during the early winter of 1949, part of the time as a guest of the Lindstroms, during which he obtained financing for the picture, "Stromboli," that he and Ingrid had now agreed to make together. Rossellini left, and in March Ingrid followed him to Italy. When he met her at the airport in Rome he brushed her cheek with his lips and whispered to her, "Je t'aime."

On April 3, 1949, from Amalfi in Sicily, Ingrid wrote her husband a sorrowful and tender letter which began as follows:

"It will be very difficult for you to read this letter and it is difficult for me to write it. . . ."

Today, Ingrid candidly concedes, "My decision was a selfish one. I put my happiness first. But I never dreamed it would end up as it did. Never! I thought sensible people could get divorced and be reasonable about everything. It never entered my head that I'd encounter such bitterness and that I'd lose Pia. I thought she'd be with me some of the time and her father the rest of the time. I thought he and I could remain friends.

"Was I wrong to believe it would be that way? Aren't lots of people divorced, and don't they behave decently to one another?"

Dismissing Ingrid's decision as the result of nothing deeper than a passing infatuation, Dr. Lindstrom flew to Italy, where he had a stormy, all-night conference with both Ingrid and Rossellini at Messina's Hotel Reale. When he left 24 hours later nothing had been settled. He insisted that Ingrid "come to her senses," finish the picture and return home. But to accept a separation from each other had, by then, become an emotional impossibility for both Ingrid and Rossellini. They remained together.



A PROUD woman, Ingrid refused to bend in the face of adversity, built a new life instead.

Dr. Lindstrom refused to grant Ingrid a divorce even after he learned that she was carrying Rossellini's child. For this he cannot be acquitted of needless cruelty. For what happened to Ingrid and Rossellini as a result of this refusal was nothing short of an ordeal. Probably no other lovers in history were ever pilloried and shamed more cruelly; certainly no expectant mother ever was treated less chivalrously than Ingrid.

When the news of Ingrid's pregnancy broke on December 12, 1949, the announcement set off an avalanche of gossip, public indignation and general publicity unprecedented in recent memory for any event of similar scope.

THE ANTICS of the press bordered on insanity, driving Ingrid to the brink of collapse. For months before and after the birth of her child, Ingrid hardly ever dared leave her apartment. Even at the hospital she found no peace, living for 12 days in the gloom of electric lights, with the window-shades drawn all day to keep out the prying eyes and telescopic cameras, and her room guarded.

"I've never been able to understand all the fuss," she mused not long ago. "All right, I had a baby before I was married. It's not the first time that ever happened to a woman, and it's not the last. And if two people love one another and marry, isn't that what counts? Anyone can make a mistake. It's how they act *after* the mistake that should be judged."

Ingrid gave birth to a son on February 2, 1950, seven days before she managed to obtain a Mexican divorce from Dr. Lindstrom. The child—now called Robertino—was christened Renato Roberto Giustus Giuseppe, and Ingrid acknowledged that Roberto Rossellini was his father. Because of legal complications—neither Sweden nor Italy recognized her Mexican divorce—she couldn't be married to Rossellini until May 30, 1950, and then only by proxy in Juarez, Mexico. They've since had twin girls, Isotta and Isabel, born June 18, 1952, and are considered a closely knit, happy family.

Although she has thus rectified—by her own and common sense standards at least—the breach of conventional morality she committed earlier, Ingrid nevertheless has been made to pay dearly for her mistake. She has been excoriated by the press, denounced by civic and religious leaders, and even held up to contempt in the halls of the U.S. Congress. Her name, once magic on a theatre marquee, became anathema overnight, her films—including her old ones—banned or boycotted in many parts of the United States. She lost her fight for partial custody of her daughter—without doubt the hardest blow she suffered.

On top of everything, from an artistic—and business—point of view, her partnership with Rossellini has not been a happy union for either of them. Together they have failed to reach anywhere near the artistic peaks either of them had

continued on page 72

My Sister, Joan Collins

continued from page 45

"Certainly," said Joan. "And why not?"

She got up, walked over to the orchestra, and asked them to play "Blue Moon"—which she sang from the podium. This certainly isn't the attitude of a shy girl.

Nor does she show any reluctance when she's interviewed. I heard a reporter ask her what she thought of the present fads for foreign sports cars and mink coats.

"I don't consider them fads," Joan had replied. "They're necessities."

Joan is evasive only when queried about her marriage, or "romances." I happened to be with her when a columnist asked when she would marry again.

"That depends," Joan replied.

"Depends on what?" he came back, sure of a scoop at last.

"On whether I'm ready for it."

No one's been able to pin her down!

As her sister, it wouldn't be fair for me to discuss her interest in the opposite sex—but I can't see anything wrong with telling of their reaction to her. And what a reaction!

Probably the most embarrassing, if not the most harassing incident occurred in Italy, where we had gone for "Land Of The Pharaohs."

On one of our days off, we had driven to a resort on the Mediterranean, about 50 miles from Rome, hoping to get a good tan at the beach.

Joan, who—like most women—rather enjoys male attention, didn't care for the stares of the men who soon seemed to think our part of the beach was the only place for a really good sun tan. To get away, she picked up the nylon float we'd brought along, and paddled out into the ocean a couple of hundred feet off shore. Considering herself safe at last, she started to relax—when all of a sudden heads shot up all around her, like sharks preying for small fish. One character came so close, he almost touched my sister. When he kept annoying her, after she asked him to leave, she suddenly leaned over and tried to scratch his back with her fingernails. After that, neither he nor the rest of the swarm gave her trouble.

The following week she was in for a different kind of surprise.

The two of us were leaving the Hotel de Ville in Rome when a handsome, dark-haired young man walked up, threw his arms around Joan, pulled her close, gave her a passionate kiss, exclaimed, "Gracie, Signorina," and fled. Joan was stunned.

We'd walked less than half a block when another man approached. This one was middle-aged, balding, and with a bit of a pot-belly. He muttered something we couldn't understand, kissed Joan, grinned sheepishly, and disappeared. Joan really gasped this time.

The mystery cleared up when a third man appeared. This one, at least, spoke English, or something close to it. "Go

ahead," he suggested as he closed his eyes and puckered up his lips.

"What's come over them!" Joan cried.

"But Miss Kiss . . ." the man said.

"Miss WHO?"

"Miss Kiss," he repeated. "You are Signorina Collins, no?"

"Yes . . ."

"Well, then, you're the girl the newspapers call 'Miss Kiss.'"

He pulled out a paper. "It says here you kiss every man you meet . . ." and with that he puckered up his lips and closed his eyes again. When he opened them, Joan was gone—trying to find the publicist who had released that story to the press. Fortunately, for him, he had left town for a couple of days. By the time he returned, she thought it was pretty funny.

Contrary to what some people believe, it means a lot to my sister what people think of her. That's why she gets quite upset when someone calls her "aloof," or claims she's ignored him. Joan never ignored anyone—intentionally.

Just recently a young writer complained to me that he'd said hello to her and she hadn't answered his greetings. "She cut me dead," he accused her bitterly. "I was standing right across the room and waved at her. She didn't even nod her head."

"She probably didn't see you. . . ."

He looked at me disbelievingly. "Looking straight at me—from directly across the room?"

"She's nearsighted," I explained and, to prove my point, told him of an incident that took place during Joan's last visit to London.

We were driving through Hyde Park when a big Bentley approached from the other direction. When both cars had to stop for a pedestrian, a heavy-set, elderly, quite distinguished-looking man surveyed Joan, then waved a cheery greeting.

Unable to see more than the outline of his figure, but taking for granted that she must know him, Joan waved back enthusiastically.

"You don't even know him," I whispered excitedly.

"I don't? Good gosh, I made a mistake again. . . ."

But she wasn't really concerned. After all, we were going in one direction and he in another. That situation was quickly changed, however.

Encouraged by her friendly reply, the man turned his car around and started to follow us. This developed into a chase through Hyde Park reminiscent of a cops and robbers movie. We finally got away—but nearly wrecked our car.

Her eyesight hasn't improved a great deal since then—but she's become more careful about acknowledging greetings!

Comparing the 1956 Joan and the girl



JOAN'S evasive only when asked about romances, but Arthur Loew, Jr., is top m

with whom I grew up, I can see a markable number of changes.

She has outgrown the hero-worship stage which had typified a good five years of her life, and was responsible for her marrying Maxwell Reed.

As a young teenager, she wrote movie stars all over the world, asking them for pictures and autographs. She kept extensive scrapbooks, saw the films over and over again. When she was 13, the mere mention of John Payne or Bob Mitchum sent chills down her spine.

Among her "favorites" was Maxwell Reed, whom she idolized long before she met him. The disappointments of her marriage to Reed must have given her a more sober approach to celebrities.

At one time I was convinced that the failure of her marriage would have a further aggravated her dislike for domestic chores. When she was still living at home, our maid used to leave fragments of notes on the mantelpiece, pleading with Joan to please pick up her clothes. Joan tried to conform, but her resolutions seldom outlasted the week.

That's why I was so amazed when she walked into her Hollywood apartment and found it neat as a pin. "You had daily maid service," I observed.

"But this is all my doing," she said. This was indeed a change.

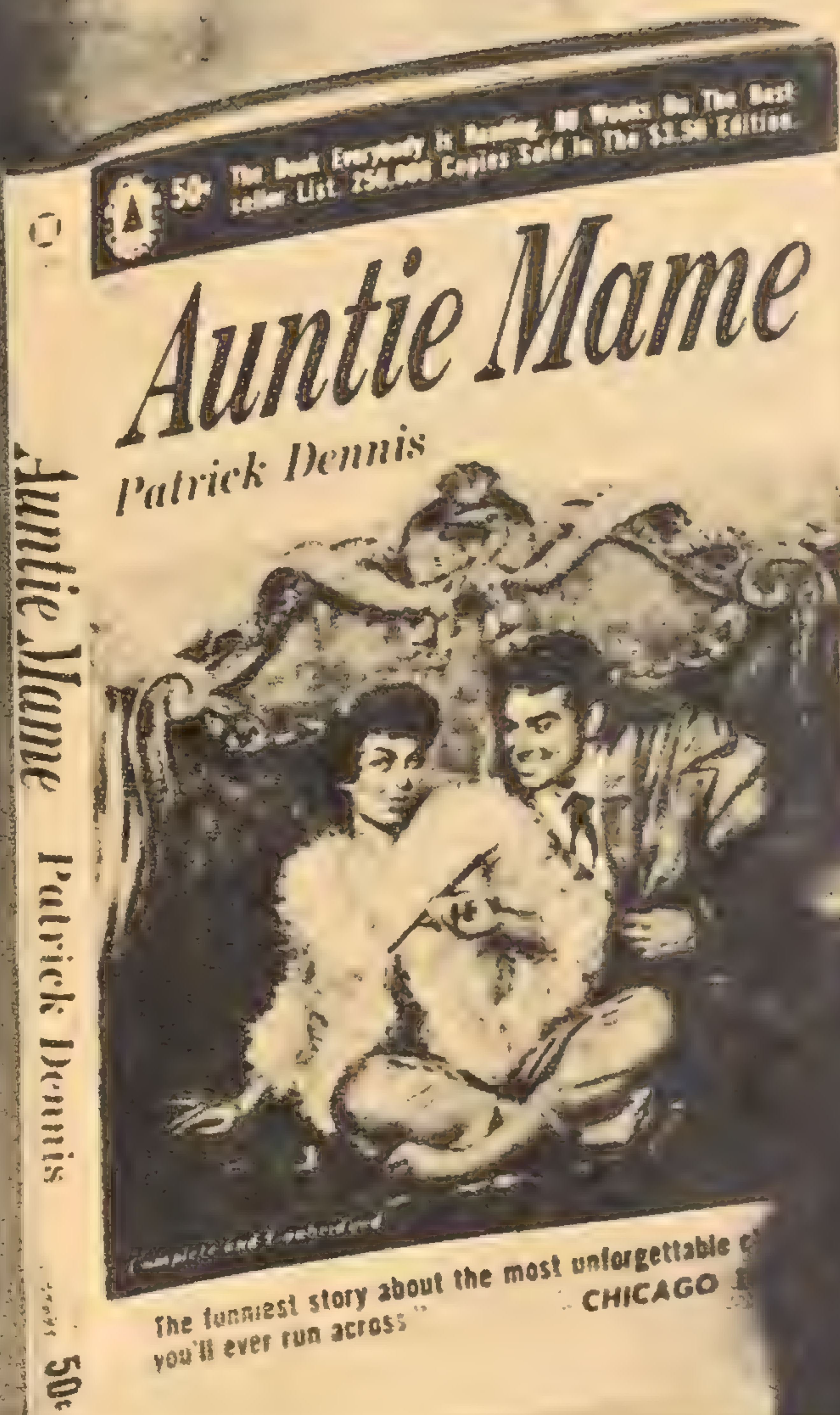
She also wants another pet. I would have thought that possible either a couple of years ago. Always fond of dogs and cats, Joan was heartbroken when three French poodles died of distemper when she was just 17. And she might never have had another pet—if Maxwell hadn't given her a monkey for her anniversary.

"His name is 'Spider,'" he told Joan.

continued on page



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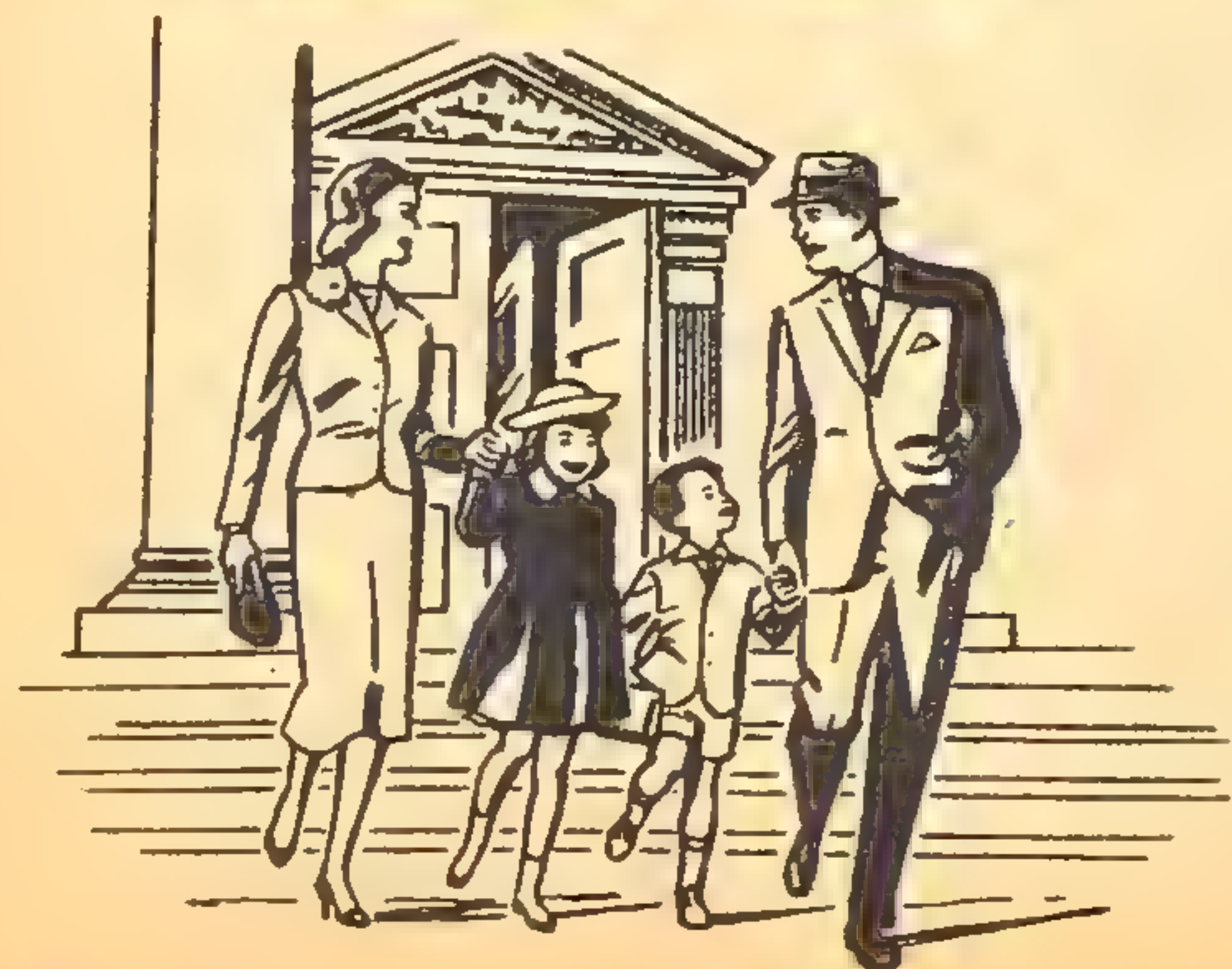


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let's look
at ● the
RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**

NEEED a lift? Listen to the **Four Lads'** album "On The Sunny Side Of The Street" made with Claude Thornhill's Orchestra. From "Sunny Side" to "Bidin' My Time," the boys serve up a big batch of happy harmony (Columbia) . . . **Dick Hyman** and his half-harpischord, half-piano with orchestra, vocal group and one (1) whistler get together on a hot and honky-tonky "One Finger Piano" and an indigo "Blue Whistler" (MGM) . . . For a cheap trip to Paris (and we don't mean by steerage) gather up the Victor album "Paris—The Sights, The Sounds" with the **Melachrino** Orchestra. Copious notes and beautiful pictures add to the enjoyment . . . Masters of the collective mouth-organ, **The Harmonicats** alternate between ballad and bounce on the Mercury pairing "Through The Dark Of Night" and "Christopher Columbus." We think America will be discovering "Columbus" before long . . . **Pat Boone**, Dot's record-selling dynamo, has another big one in the rhythmic "Chains Of Love." The flip, "Friendly Persuasion," is the title song from the new Allied Artists movie. A touching ballad with a different approach . . . For a change of pace, tempo and temperature, we recommend **Perez Prado's** new Victor album, "Havana, 3 a.m." Every Latin beat is well represented and guaranteed to get you out on the dance floor testing your hip swivels . . . **Pert Miss Peggy King** offers a poignant ballad, "Tall Boy," coupled with a heartstring tugger "The Test Of Time." The songs seem written just for Peggy and she seems to be singing them just for you (Columbia).

The man with the little harmonica and the great big orchestra, **Richard Hayman**, has pressed both into service for an album titled "Just For Listening." Hayman has the small and the large sounds well under control in a collection dominated by seldom (too seldom) heard tunes (Mercury) . . . The **Mills Brothers**, that ageless musical fraternity, seem to

improve with the years. If you don't believe us, listen to two rock 'em, sock 'em sides set down on the Decca label—"Don't Get Caught" and "That's Right." Tastes change but not the quality of the Messers. **Mills'** mellifluous tones . . . **Dick Haymes** does a capital job for Capitol on a ballad duo—"Love Is A Great Big Nothing" and "I Never Get Enough Of You"—contradictory statements, but that's love for you. The latter ballad, by the way was written by Dick's brother Bob . . . "Though Not A Word Was Spoken" in the new Victor album by that name there are voices aplenty—the Voices of **Walter Schumann**. From classics to standards to special arrangements, the Schumann aggregation are speechless wonders.

As a bonus to his faithful followers, Victor has been re-issuing the fabulous **Elvis Presley's** long-playing etchings on 45 singles. For example, "I'll Never Let You Go" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry" have been put back-to-back in a bargain-basement package . . . Stout fellow, sterling chap, and pukka Sahib, **Frankie Laine** recites some Kipling—"On The Road To Mandalay"—in a manner that should help hold the British Empire together a little longer. On the flip, Frankie slows down the pace to deliver the ballad "Only If We Love" (Columbia) . . . **Jo Stafford's** got a winner in the driving "Love Me Good" backed by "A Perfect Love," a tune from the movie, "The Opposite Sex." Jo keeps it in the family by receiving orchestral support from hubby Paul Weston (Columbia) . . . **Julius La Rosa's** first album for Victor is certainly not going to be his last after the public hears what he has done with a dozen standards. Julius has "arrived" and we'd like to be the first in line to greet him. **END**

"The Bob Crosby Show" is seen Monday through Friday on the CBS-TV network from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. EST

MY SISTER, JOAN COLLINS

Continued

When he presented the animal to her. "Seems appropriate," my sister mumbled, not too fond of having a monkey pound the house. But she put up with him—till his persistent playfulness and teasing annoyed her to the point of taking him back to the shop where her husband had purchased him. That's why I'm surprised she's looking for another pet. I thought she'd had enough of them!

Even Joan's superstitions have disappeared since she came to America.

I'll never forget the morning we drove to the Paris airport, to catch a plane for London. Because it was Friday the 13th, she was nervous and tense from the moment we left the hotel. When the plane's departure was postponed twice due to engine troubles, Joan refused to get in the plane before it finally took off, although she had promised to be in London that day.

Today, she still won't whistle in her dressing room, walk under ladders, or regard most so-called "bad omens." But neither will she get as upset as she used to be when someone else does.

I think this is a good indication of the healthy adjustments my sister has made since she came to this country. Obviously she is happy. . . .

END

Who's Bandini?

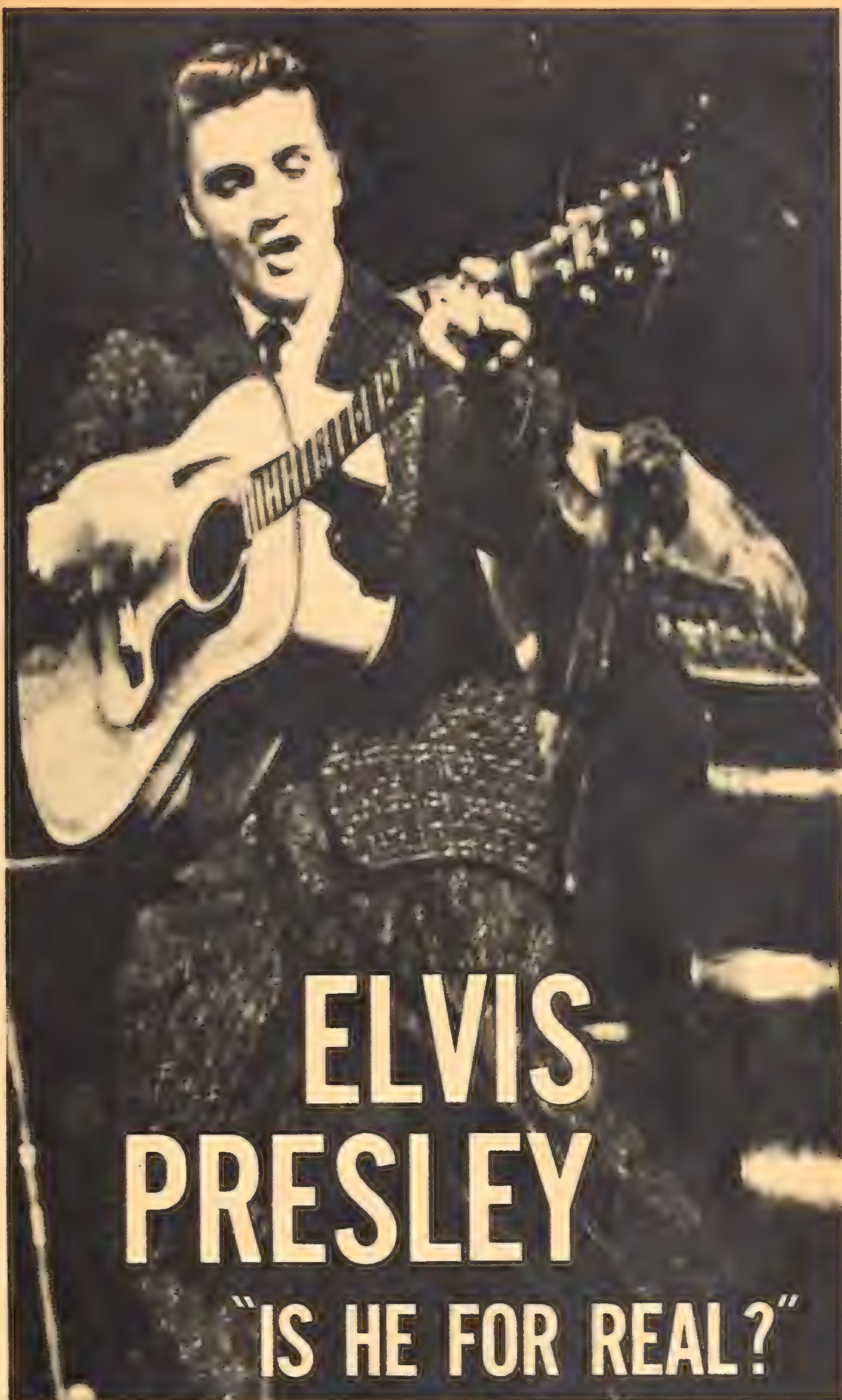
continued from page 23

... to Kim Novak. It's a throwback mastoid trouble in childhood; her ears are her plain hell. But that wasn't found out until she was well into her starlet period, when a friend next to her on a flight to a personal appearance date happened to glance across the aisle. Kim gripped the sides of her seat. Her face was not contorted but it was a set mask of agony. Tears flowed steadily down her face. She finally confessed her trouble but insisted it would be all right when they touched ground—four hours away. She didn't want to complain, she said. She wanted to do as the studio told her to. Obviously, yes, this was a kid taking no chances at all where her place in the sun was concerned. But it was also a kid of incontestable physical bravery. . . .

... resistance. But her assumption of new poise and assurance has changed that, too. Now if she thinks altitude is going to hurt her ears, she will say as much to the brass.

Then again, she summoned up another kind of guts when asked to comment on one of those bizarre goings-over the stars have been getting at the hands of the scandal magazines. Miss Novak was buried under an avalanche of innuendo, snarls and nudges. It was a rough piece. By heavy inference, it raised hob with

continued on page 68



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40S

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WHO'S BANDINI?

continued

her moral character. By press and even on television in the East, she was pressed for a reaction.

Unruffled, she fielded the query with her bare hands. Absurd and untrue as the article was, she said, she had a certain sensation of pride over having been singled out. It seemed to mean she was getting somewhere as a star. The interviewers laughed delightedly and let her off the hook.

A small, but new and reasonably spiffy, apartment was awaiting on her return from abroad, a little job in the Cheviot Hills section of West Los Angeles. So were a lot of reporters, a brief vacation, and a lot more work ahead of that; e.g., "Pal Joey," with Rita Hayworth and Frank Sinatra. In the interim, however, she could sit in the shade (never the sun; it wrecks her skin), ride the horses she loves so well, and meditate on the plans and emotions and whims of Count Mario Bandini, whose countess she may well become. And if so—hail and farewell? Yes, very likely.

Countess Bandini. It is indeed something to think about even though it may never go beyond the area of conjecture.

For a year ago, this timorous woodsprite was biting her nails to her biceps from needless worry, peddling bicycles

around Sunset Boulevard, and wondering whether she'd make people madder by being too early or too late. The right-on time gambit struck her as pedestrian sure to make *everybody* mad.

As previous chroniclers have made clear, she's a Chicago girl from a nice not too-well-off family who got some extraordinary breaks just one-two-three and managed to parlay them into something with nothing more than looks, talent and perseverance. Before that, she'd been a psychology major at Wright Junior College, and this, peculiarly enough, rattled her worry antennae. At one point, so profound was her insecurity, that she worried about people *liking* her, on the dubious premise that these might be unhinged.

On the other hand, she has a sneaking idea that she once enjoyed worrying; felt lost without it.

Just lately, her star has come to zenith as most know. "Picnic," "The Man With The Golden Arm," and "The Eddy Duchin Story," coming as a triple, certainly did no harm.

In fact, there's no doubt at all these days where Kim Novak stands professionally. Up there only a few stories short of the tip of the Empire State Building. The question is, what's she going to do about it? And who's going to answer the question—Kim Novak or Count Mario Bandini?

EN

"Do I Worry? Do I Ever!"

continued from page 55

things, and that always leads to added problems. "Perhaps I try too hard," he confesses ruefully.

He lives in a small apartment with a small patio embellished with a tiny fish pond. One moonlit evening recently, he invited a girl and another couple to dinner. "Just hamburgers, salad and garlic bread," he promised. "I very much wanted everything to be perfect. Y'know what happened? A few minutes after I put the hamburgers on the grill the whole broiler burst into flames. I did the only thing I could think of . . . carried them out, blazing, and dumped them into the fish pond!"

His comfortable little patio which he enjoys so much is a source of worry to him since he has beautified his bit of outdoors with some choice plants, and naturally worries about them when he has to go away on a location trip or for some other reason. When he took his horse, Swizzlestick, to the horse show at Del Mar, he forgot to ask his landlady to attend to the watering and consequently wondered about the state of the soil all the time he was away. It was all so unnecessary, because she had noticed that he wasn't around and took care of his yard for him. The Del Mar trip caused

other worries because he had been working on a picture in the weeks preceding the horse show and he hadn't had time to work Swiz. The competition was keen and she didn't do very well. He realized a little late perhaps that it would have been wise to wait until both he and the horse had been in better shape.

He doesn't worry, as some men do about his dates. "I only date girls I know pretty well and we're always rather casual about it." Tab very seldom makes a big thing of a date. However, he does admit having had some anxious moments when a girl (he rather pointedly didn't say who she was) came out from the East a month or so ago. She must have been someone rather special because he fretted for several days before she was due to arrive about how best to entertain her. Then when the day came for her to arrive, thick fog locked in the airport and he worried about *that* for a couple of hours. "I kept wondering if the plane had had land somewhere miles away and she would have to take a bus into town, and if, because of the two-hour delay, she would be irritated. By the time the plane finally rolled to a stop on the runway, I was soaking wet from sweating out the long



TAB forgets his worries for a moment as he escorts co-star Natalie Wood to premiere.

wait in spite of the prevailing cold fog."

The writing of a letter, especially if it is an important business letter, turns into a painful and major operation for Tab. "I write it over and over, anxiously looking up words in the dictionary and wondering if I have really said what I intended to say. You see," he says, with that disarming grin of his, "I'm not only a bad speller, I can't express myself very well on paper."

He worries about not having time, these days, to keep up his skill at skating. "I haven't really had time to practice for about two years," he laments, "and I'm afraid I'll lose the knack."

What about the new things? The singing and dancing lessons all take time and the belated Tab is eager to develop them.

He worries about talking too much when he meets new people whom he likes and who he hopes will like him. After one of these encounters he is likely to berate himself. "You certainly didn't contribute any little gem to that conversation." He can brood for days after a chance meeting with someone he wants very much to have like him. Either this, or else he will just keep still and regret it later, knowing that they think he isn't able to open his mouth. He broods, too, about losing his temper, which he does, suddenly, often surprising himself with a blurted outburst. "I get over it almost as quickly as I explode," he says, "but I wonder if other people can understand or forgive me. . . ."

He wants to learn to take criticism in his stride, to learn from it but not to be defeated by it. "Criticism," he concedes, "you have to have. You have to learn to take it and to learn to profit from it. But how in the world do you ever learn how to sort out the constructive, valuable criticism from the petty, malicious stuff? How do you ever figure out who is right? How do you know whom to heed?"

There is a worry for all worriers to worry about!

But, as Tab says . . . and there is wisdom in this, too . . . "Maybe I'd better start worrying about worrying too much—and try to stop it!"

END



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Coming Attractions

continued from page 62

Doris lives in constant danger that Jourdan will carry out his promise to murder her, too. With Barry Sullivan's help, Doris changes her identity, returns to her former job as airline stewardess and stays away from the West Coast. When Jourdan finally catches up with her in a crowded plane, he kills the pilot, seriously wounds the co-pilot and, dying, crows with satisfaction at the thought of Doris plunging to her death in a pilotless plane. But wait! Without any previous training, Doris is forced to land the plane, and oh! those murderous minutes from the time she makes her approach to the airport. A good thriller that's bound to leave you hanging on the ropes. (MGM.)

The Opposite Sex

WEARING sheath dresses and claws to match, the females move into the driver's seat for this. Based on Clare Boothe's play, "The Women," this dilly slithers through a jungle of womanly wiles, and in several very fancy lessons shows cooking might be the way to a man's heart, but there's a more direct approach. When chorine Joan Collins makes a bee-line for June Allyson's husband, producer Leslie Nielsen, June reacts with proper affronted dignity. She scampers to Reno. There, among a collection of cynical females, June begins to realize gentleness and submission are not always potent counter measures when home and family are in danger of smashing up. Taking a deep breath, June flexes her more obvious and important muscles and proceeds to reclaim what's hers. These powder room tactics should amuse male viewers. Beside revealing all the feminine tricks of

the trade, this sports such eye-peeling scenery as Dolores Gray, Ann Sheridan, and Ann Miller. Not so toothsome, but equally man-conscious are Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood and Joan Blondell. A sophisticated comedy, punctuated with music, that rips, slashes and claws along its jolly Metrocolored way. (MGM.)

Anastasia

BRINGS Ingrid Bergman triumphantly back to the American screen in an incredible story based on fact. With 10 million pounds waiting in an English bank for any living child of the slain Czar, White Russian Yul Brynner and his aide-de-camp, Akim Tamiroff, start on a hoax calculated to put control of the fortune into their hands. Since the Czar and his entire family were massacred by the Bolsheviks, Brynner compiles a dossier on Anastasia, one of the Czar's daughters, then spreads the rumor she had escaped the slaughter. With uncanny good luck, Brynner finds a woman, Ingrid, who reasonably resembles Anastasia. She even has scars on her face and hand which might have come from bullet wounds. Mentally disturbed because of some past incident, Ingrid has no recollection of her own past except some disjointed memories. These dim pictures become enmeshed in the story Brynner makes her commit to memory. Eventually, Ingrid feels a deep affinity for the girl she's impersonating and in time actually believes she is Anastasia. Finally, presented to the one remaining member of the royal family, Dowager Empress Helen

continued on page 72

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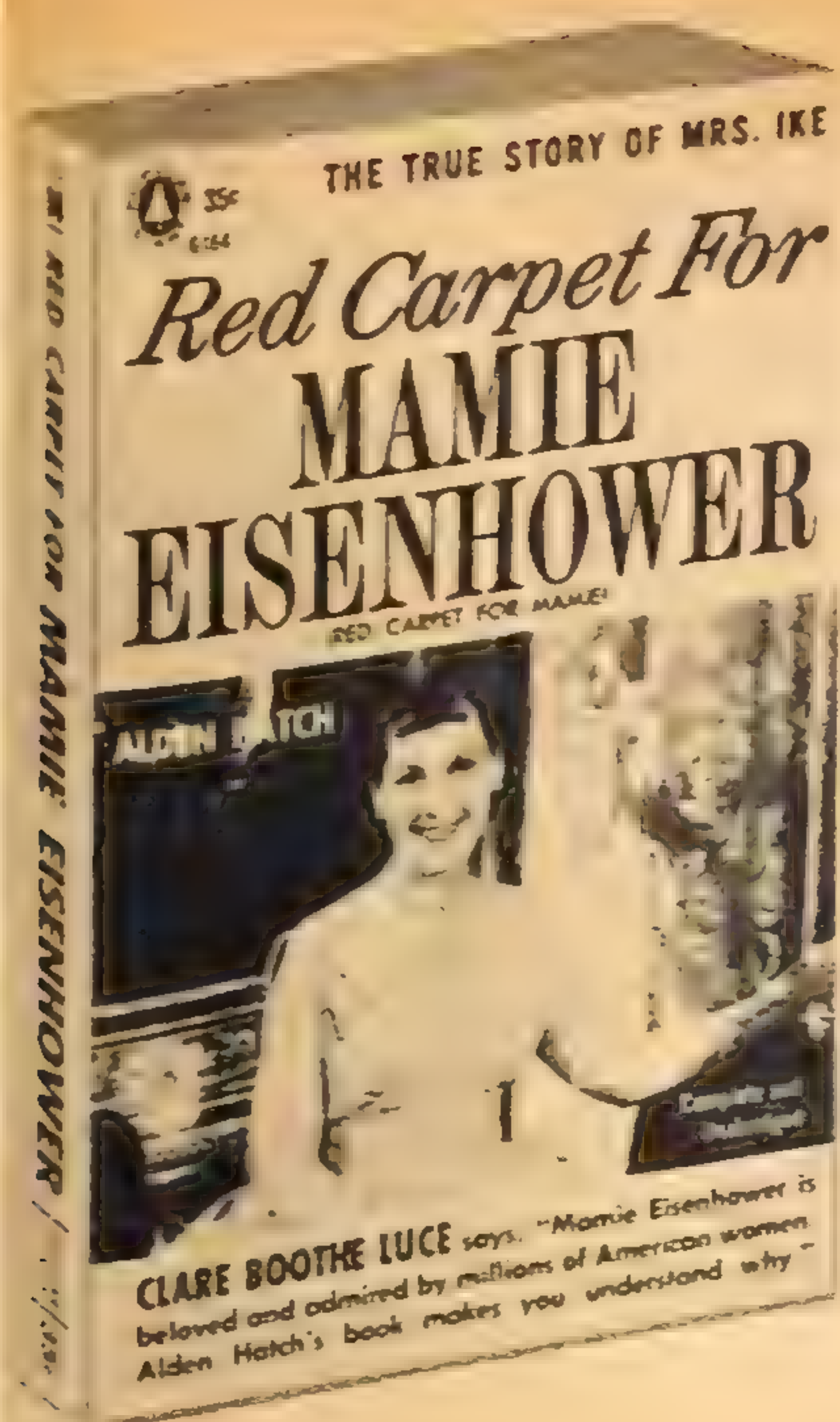
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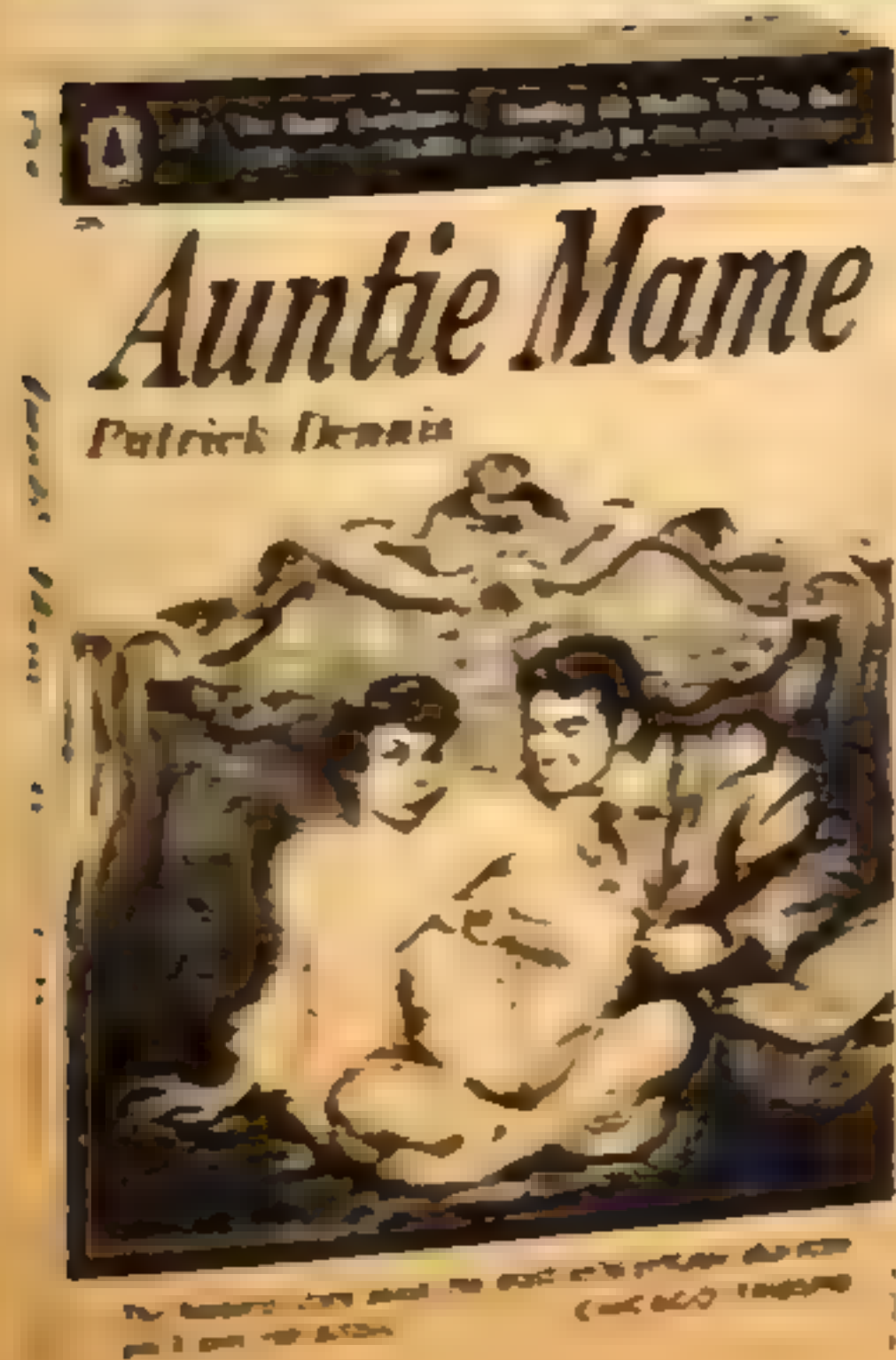
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COMING ATTRACTIONS

continued

Hayes, Anastasia meets her most crucial test. Beautifully done drama that spins an intriguing story about one of the most provocative Madame X's in history. (20th Century-Fox.)

The Ten Commandments

COMBINING the Old Testament, historical research and that unmistakable Cecil B. DeMille touch, this is a 3-hour, 40-minute Technicolored spectacular of the birth of the Hebrew religion. It stars Charlton Heston as Moses and Yul Brynner as Rameses, the Pharaoh, the men who finally freed the Israeli people. The tremendous cast constantly surges across the screen, and includes Anne Baxter, Yvonne DeCarlo, Nina Foch, Debra Paget, Edward G. Robinson, John Derek, and Vincent Price. In addition to the Old Testament, DeMille does some artistic supposing but, as usual, his imagination brings an intense humanness to the picture. In recalling the life and times of Moses, this is an exciting, not too noticeably long, study of a dim past made vibrantly alive. (Paramount.)

You Can't Run Away From It

A TECHNICALOLOR remake of "It Happened One Night," that includes songs, dances and snappy sayings. As the heiress to daddy Charles Bickford's millions, June Allyson is a slightly limp version of the head-strong rich girl married to a fortune-hunting gigolo. Bickford is determined the marriage remain on a in-name-only basis, but June manages to escape. En route to her slimy spouse,



MOSES (Charlton Heston) looks on in awe as "The Ten Commandments" are given to him

June's path crosses with Jack Lemmon, a cuddly unemployed reporter. Once Lemmon discovers June's identity, he figures they need each other. To get his exclusive story of June-bug's escapade, he's got to tag along with her. If she does anything to louse up his plan, he'll inform on her whereabouts. The first night ensemble, June is pixie-like in Lemmon's pjs. The next night, June looks preciously girl-child as she snuggles into a haystack. And on the third night, again in Lemmon's pjs, her target is devastated. While Lemmon sneaks out to get a job so's he can ask June to marry him, she thinks he's flown the coop and hurries to the waiting arms of gigolo. Some of the songs are cute, one rather naughty, and in the final analysis this is an enjoyable way to pass an evening at the movies. **END**

Ingrid Bergman Defends Her Life!

continued from page 63

achieved separately, and lately they have decided to divorce their careers.

Even today, after more than seven years, the storm hasn't entirely died down. For Ingrid, a personal climax came when she returned to her native Sweden for a long delayed visit in the spring of 1955. Friends who met her reported her as "radiantly excited" and "happy beyond words." However, deep disillusionment set in within a week. Although her appearance in "Joan At The Stake" was a great success, running for 22 instead of the scheduled 8 performances, she shriveled under the coldness and hostility of the reception she was given otherwise. The press insisted on raking up the past.

At a polio benefit at the end of her stay, following an especially vicious personal attack by the same paper which had asked her to appear as a favor, she got up on the

stage and—at last—spoke her mind. It was a bitter denunciation of what had been done to her, an indictment of the Swedish press and of Swedish critics for their unwillingness to forgive and forget. She knew then that she'd never again set foot in her native land.

Ingrid is a proud woman who won't crawl and grovel for the sake of popularity and approval. Even in adversity she refused to bend her head. She did what she felt she must, did it with dignity—and didn't try to avoid consequences.

Today her career is booming again and she has built a new, full life for herself. She has emerged from her ordeal stronger, wiser, mellowed. It would be difficult not to admire her forthrightness, courage and honesty, and not to feel some sense of awe at the drama of a human being in search of her destiny. **END**

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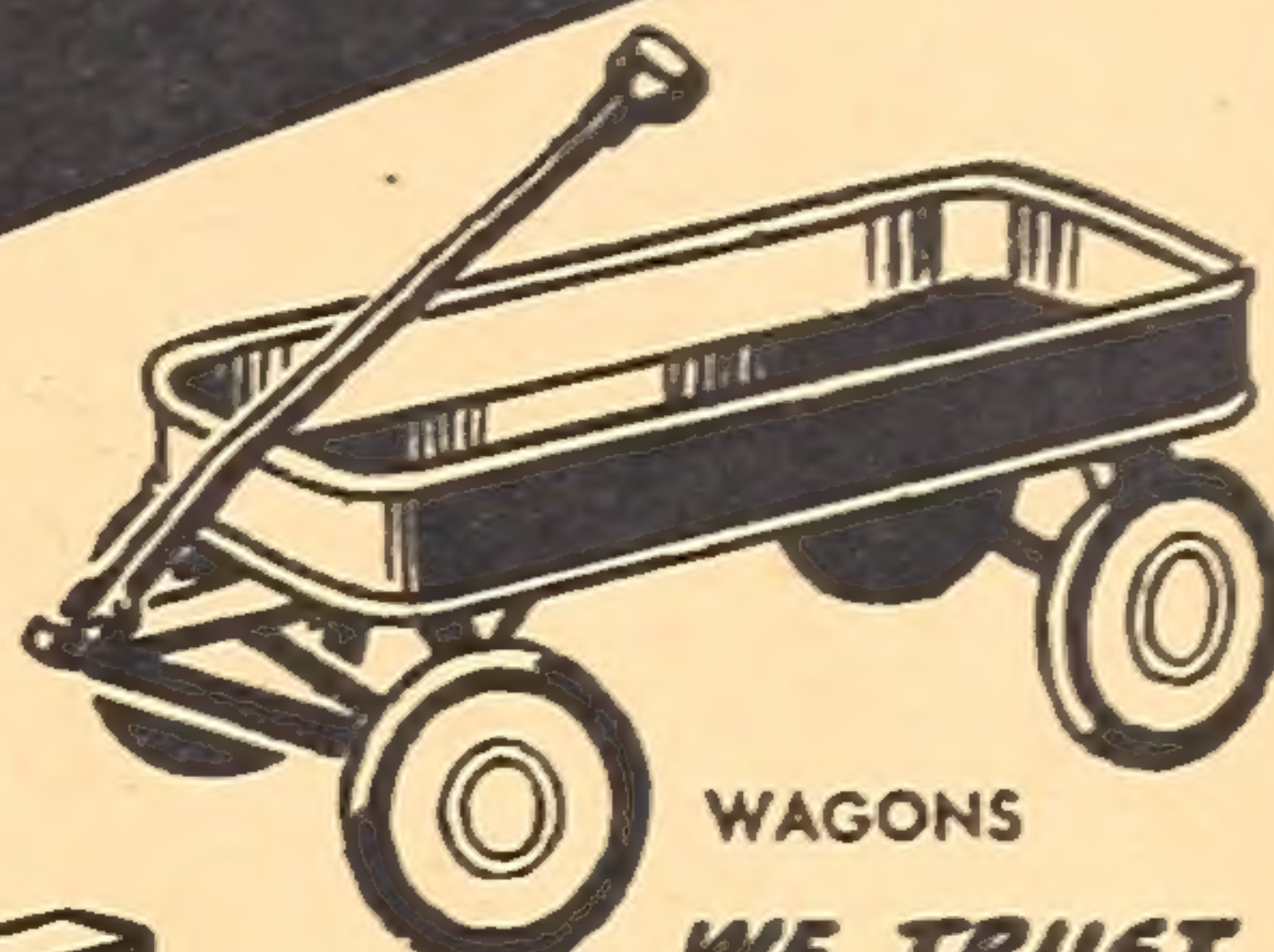
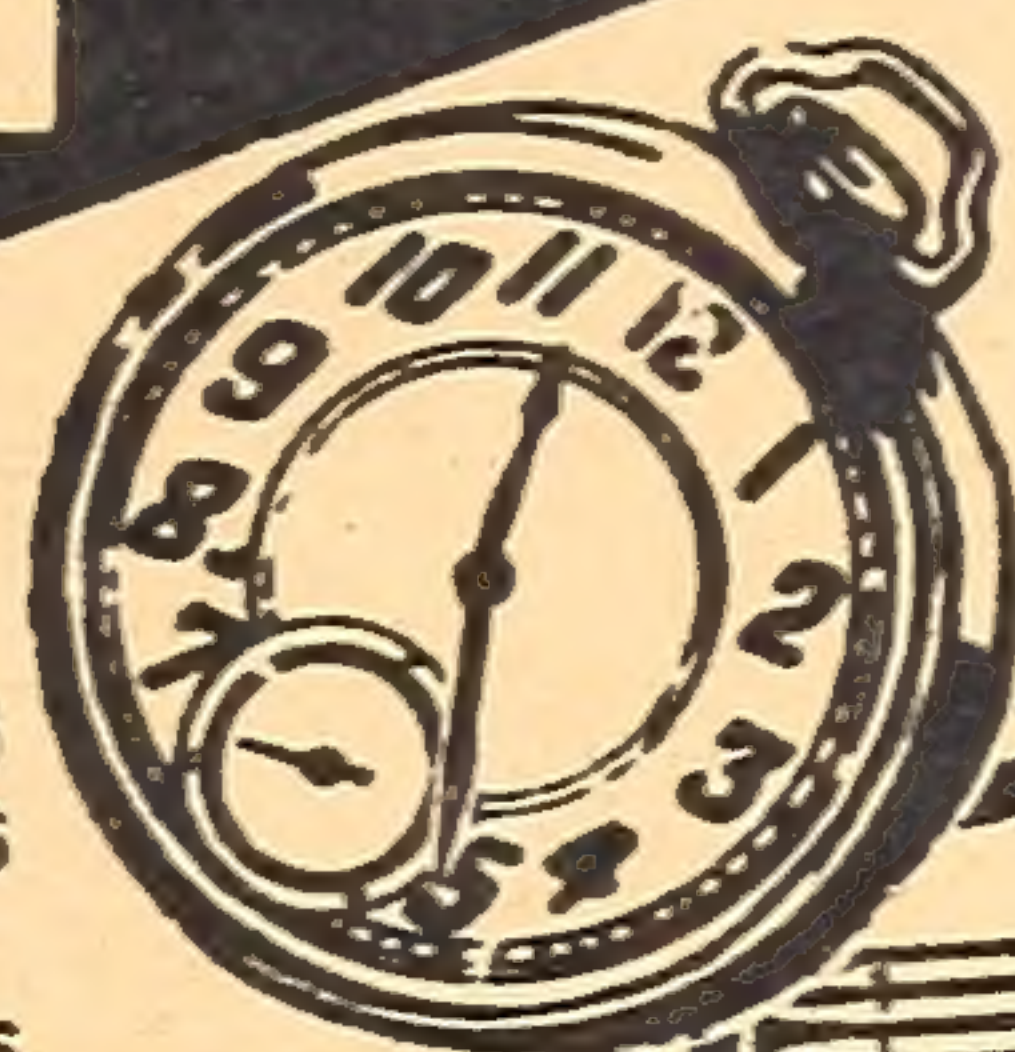


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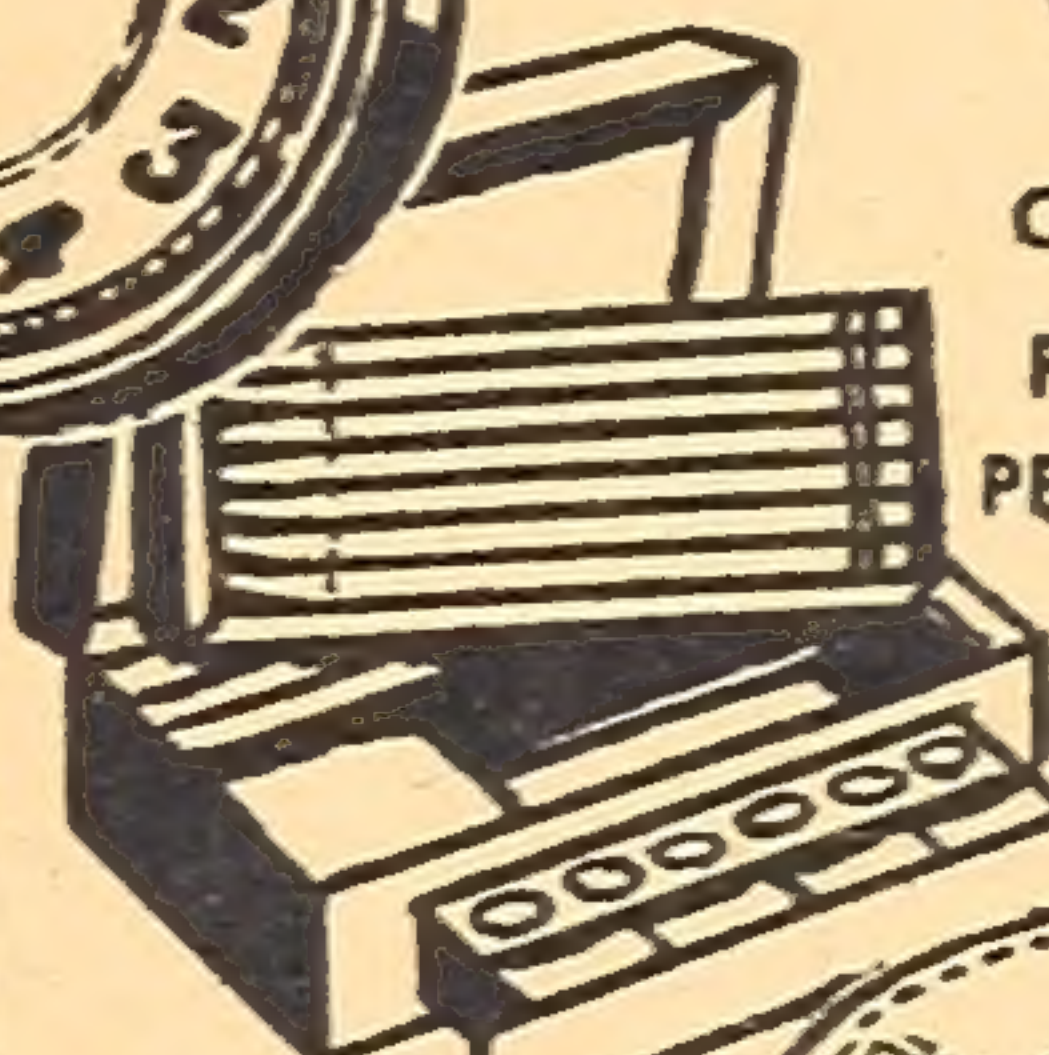


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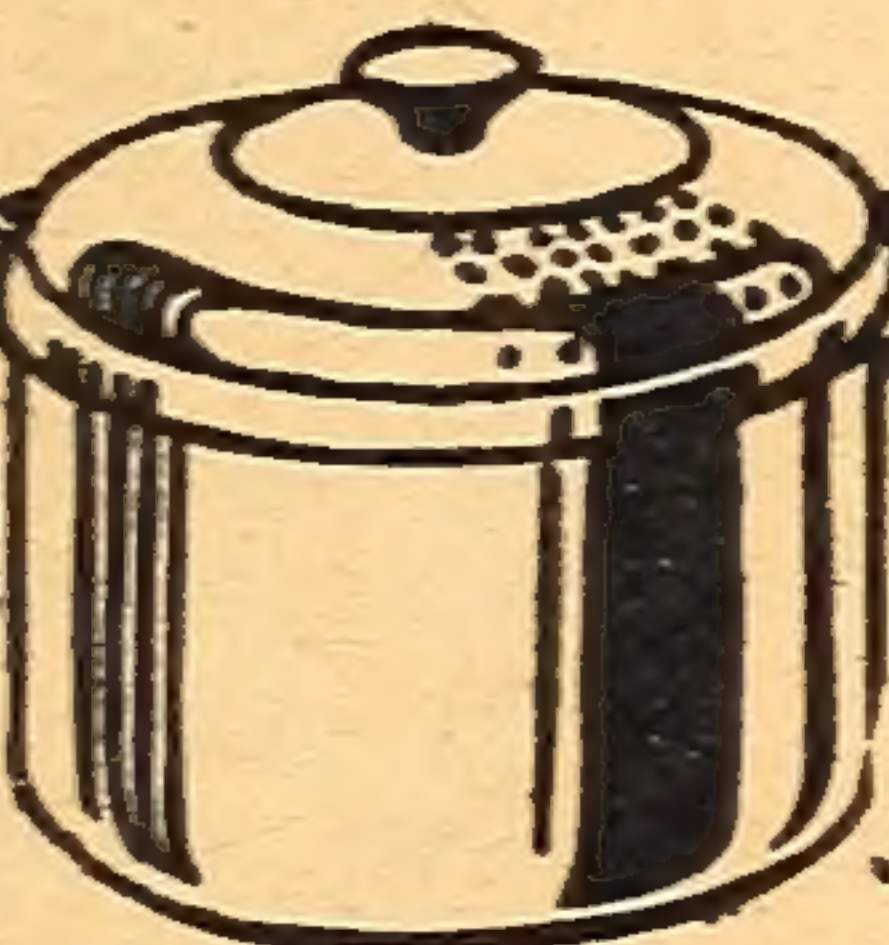
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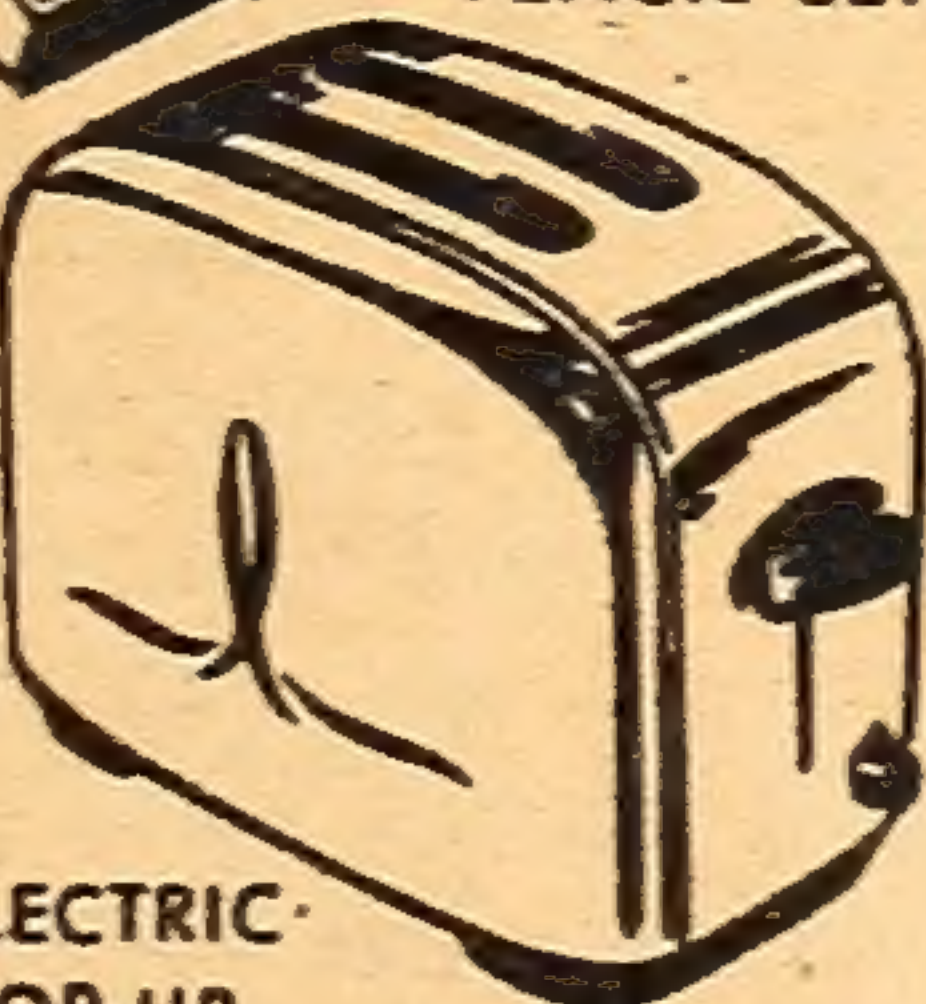
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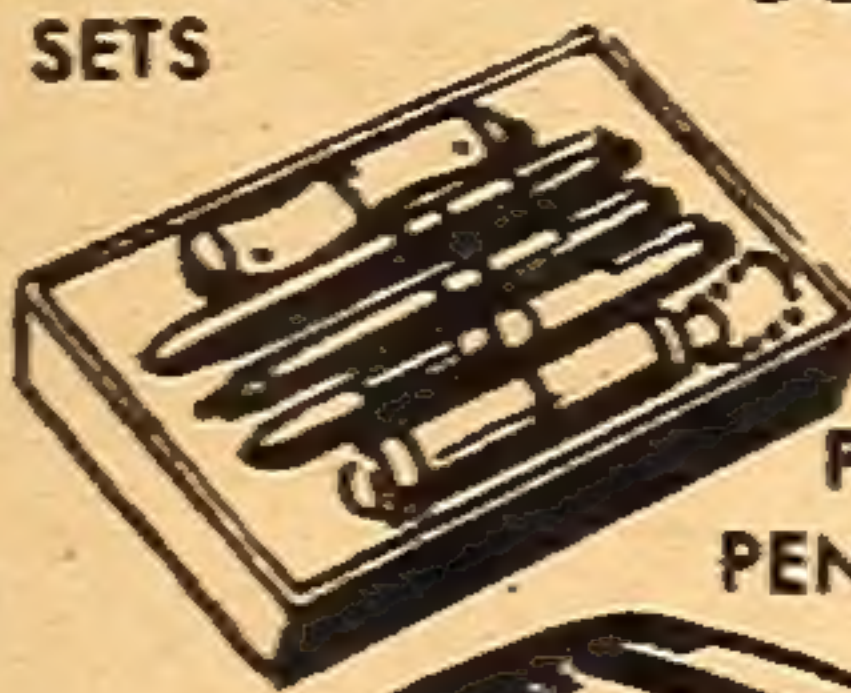


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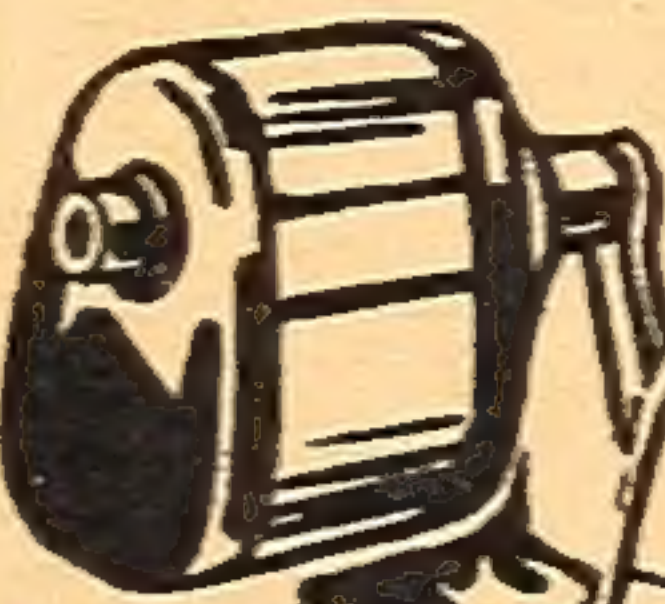
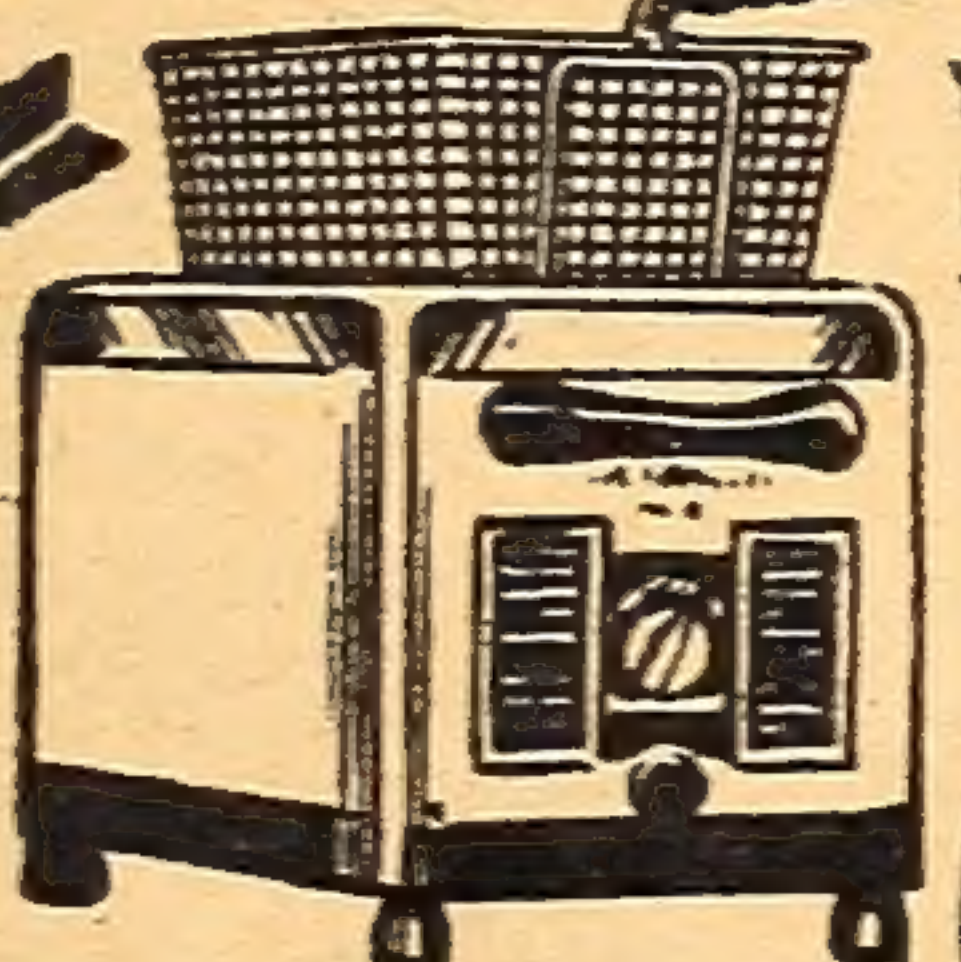
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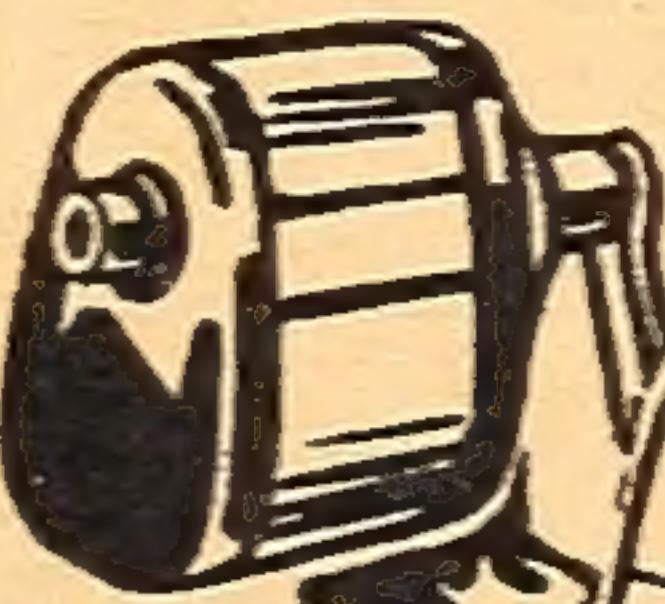
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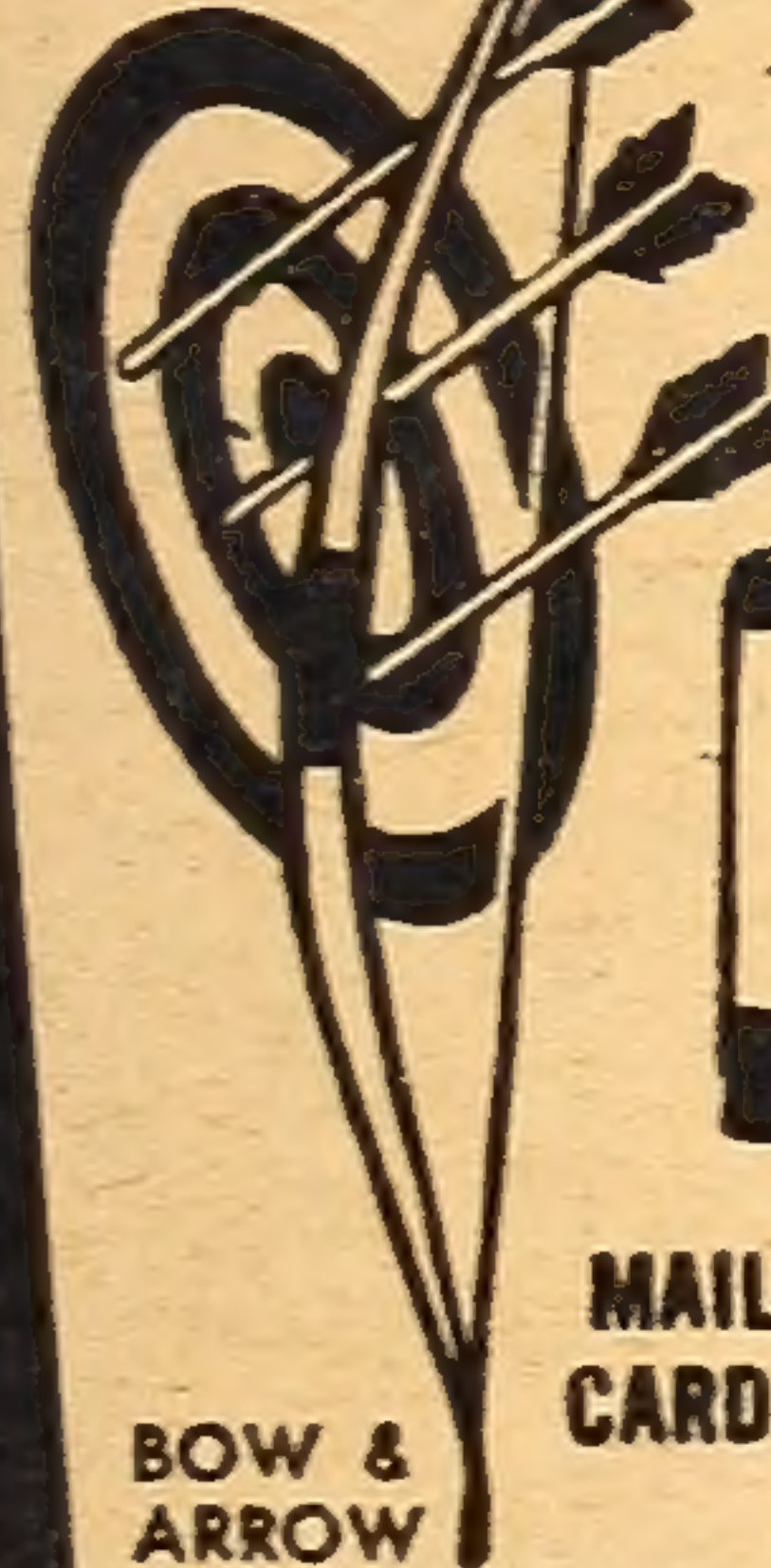
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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 13

Jaynie Marie, and her boy friend, Mickey "Mr. Universe" Hargitay, plus two Chihuahuas. And what a reception she had at the airport. Jayne had left here as a "cheesecake girl" who had done only a couple of very small bit parts in films. After a season on Broadway in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" she came back to star with Tom Ewell in "The Girl Can't Help It" at 20th where she's been put under contract. As a threat to Marilyn Monroe? The girls do have some things in common! Jayne declined romantic comment on husky Mickey, cooing, "My divorce isn't final yet. What will happen, will happen." She said it in a whispery voice that sounded familiar!

LOVE IN BLOOM—Dana Wynter and her groom, Greg Bautzer, continue to act like newlyweds. He sent her a present on the set every day she worked in "Something Of Value." She has turned down pictures which called for long location trips that would take her away from lawyer Greg; her role in "Value" didn't call for her going to Africa with Rock Hudson and the rest of the company. And to complete the bliss of the Bautzer household, Dana and Greg are shopping for a "wife" for Harry the Toff, the Yorkshire terrier he gave her several months ago.

MURPHY MISSED—Pam Murphy said she missed Audie so much while he was in Japan two months making "Joe Butterfly" that she decided to go along with him to Colorado for "Night Passage." In the

past, she has stayed home with the Murphy boys when Audie's been locationing. Audie brought her 15 lengths of beautiful silk and brocade from Japan for dresses and coats.

MORE DATES—Tony Perkins, always tall and lean, lost so much weight doing three tough pictures in quick succession that his resistance was low and a virus hit him hard at the end of "Fear Strikes Out." With a raging fever he was hauled off to the hospital for a rest and to gain weight. Friends helped the latter cause by bringing him his favorite foods including a fancy Chinese soup. And a daily visitor was Norma Moore, his co-star and favorite date during his last picture. . . . Bob Wagner has been seeing Mona Freeman again . . . Young Sal Mineo "discovered" cute Sue George, a former mail messenger now acting at U-I, while they were making "The Living End" there.

DATA ON DATES—Playwright Clifford Odets still is rushing Barbara Rush, but also is dating Valerie French. And Barbara's new beau is an Air Force officer who has been making jet flights from coast to coast, which makes it easier for him to see Barbara here. And Valerie is finally giving up her mountaintop house. The serious auto accident she had when her car went out of control on the steep road to her house didn't scare her, but when a brush fire on the hills nearly claimed her place, she said, "I've had it." She's moving to the beach. **END**

Mrs. Fisher, Mother Hen

continued from page 51

the end of a very beautiful friendship. "I tried to lose weight," I alibied. "But I just can't."

"That's what you think!" And she promptly made it her business that I did.

Take the evening she and Eddie and my husband, Nobby, and I had dinner together. Eddie handed the menu to Debbie. "What would you like to order?"

"I'll have soup, veal cutlet, potatoes, vegetables, and pumpkin pie with whipped cream," she decided, then continued, "Peggy will have . . ."

"Hold it," Eddie cut in. "Let her make up her own mind."

" . . . and Peggy will have a lamb chop and a sliced tomato." With that she grabbed the menu out of my hand and smilingly handed it back to the waiter.

There was nothing any of us could do about it. After a week of following her orders, I had shed ten pounds.

Debbie is outspoken, but never malicious, and when anyone criticizes a friend who is not around to defend himself, she immediately jumps to his defense.

It seems incredible that a girl who can be so blunt can also be so sentimental.

She never forgets a birthday, an anniversary, or any important holiday. And when she goes to a movie, she can cry like a two-year-old who lost her candy bar. Eddie once called her "The Handkerchief Kid."

While Debbie is very ambitious, I wouldn't call her a "dedicated" actress. At least not anymore. If her career would ever be a threat to her marriage, she'd give it up overnight. She's that happy as a wife and mother (to be).

Come to think of it, that is not the only change in Debbie. Her newly-acquired neatness is just as obvious.

When she still lived with her parents,



THERE'S never a dull moment for Debbie and Eddie. Latest excitement, a fire at home

Mrs. Reynolds had only two complaints about her. "Franny works too hard," and "Franny never cleans up her room."

I will never forget Mom Reynolds' expression the day she took a photographer into Debbie's room for a picture layout. Guiding him through the living room and hallway, she kept apologizing for the mess he was about to find in her daughter's room because she hadn't had a chance to clean it up after Debbie left that morning. To her surprise, when they walked in there wasn't a stuffed monkey on the floor, not a book or magazine on the bed, no dresses, slips or shoes scattered around the room.

The mystery cleared up when Debbie came home and raised the dust ruffle on her bed. Underneath she had shoved every loose object that had accumulated the two previous days—enough to fill three wardrobes! How different from the girl I visited the day before she went to work in RKO's "Bundle Of Joy."

When I rang the bell, Debbie herself opened the door, dressed in levis, and old white shirt, moccasins, and a bandana tied around her head. "I'm cleaning house," she explained.

"Why?" With a cook, a valet, a maid and a gardener, I couldn't see the necessity for it. Besides, the doctor had told her to take it easy.

"I suddenly realized it's fun to go down on my knees and scrub floors once in a while . . ."

And I'll never forget the first time Nobby and I had dinner at her house. When we got through with the soup, Debbie picked up a little silver bell and shook it, to get the maid's attention. For a moment she looked very sophisticated almost distant. Then her face softened into a smile. "Just look at me," she giggled. "I'm a great lady now."

Always teasing, always joking, always taking life as it comes. Yet with a heart and warmth and tenderness that couldn't be matched by any other girl I know—that's my very best friend, Debbie Reynolds. **END**



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